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*CHINESE CHANGES.*

BY ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET SIR EDWARD SEYMOUR.

EITHER of the two great Empires whose respective subjects are estimated as nearly equal in numbers and whose combined inhabitants comprise two-fifths of the whole population of the world may well claim attention from other nations, but at this moment special interest is aroused by the startling events occurring in China.

The well-known lines in which the poet Crabbe comments on the different judgment formed by persons on their own conduct and on that of others, are even more applicable to the opinions of most of us when we consider the actions of foreign nations as compared with those of our own. And this may easily appear to us much more excusable because it seems supported by a just and laudable patriotism.

As regards the relations of China with Western nations, if I had to hold a brief for one side or the other I think I should find the Celestial Empire much the easiest client to be eloquent in the defence of, and the reason is very simple. China has never been the external aggressor; she has only wanted to be left alone, and that was a crime which in Western eyes was unpardonable.

The first Europeans to visit China were the Portuguese in 1515, and in 1558 they obtained the first foreign settlement there by the grant of Macao.

The earliest British expedition to reach China was, I believe, that of Captain Weddell, in 1637, which anchored off Macao; but although the East India Company then began to trade with China, it was nearly a hundred years later that we really established regular commerce at Canton.

The embassy of Earl Macartney to Peking in 1793 was the first actual diplomatic dealing between us and the Emperor's

Government, and it gained an amount of information about China never approached before.

The second embassy, under Lord Amherst in 1816, was a failure owing to his objection to perform the 'Koutou' and the refusal of the Emperor to receive him without it.

No further personal diplomatic interviews with the Emperor of China were attempted by us, and, with the exception of a personal interview granted to H.R.H. Prince Henry of Prussia by the Dowager Empress, I am not sure that foreign officials were ever received by the virtual occupier of the throne till after the termination of the 'Boxer' rising episode.

The general history of our dealings with the Chinese seems to show less animosity on their part than might well be expected from a nation not only desirous of isolation, but whose traditions and habits were quite opposed to those of the strangers forcing themselves upon them; their ignorance of Western nations was no doubt even greater than ours of them, and the startling difference in our appearance, dress, and manners may easily have helped to earn us the name of 'Fanqui,' or 'foreign devil,' even before our conduct in any way seemed to support it.

Our first serious relations with China may be said to have been caused by the Chinese opposition to the opium trade, which by the year 1836 had assumed very large proportions; in 1835-6 more than 26,000 chests of opium were imported and their value was estimated as over £3,000,000. For this and for general information as to our dealings with the Chinese from the earliest period, I know no better book than that by Mr. J. Bromley Eames, called 'The English in China.'

In 1839, by order of the Emperor, over twenty thousand chests of opium were destroyed near Canton, and the strenuous efforts made by the Chinese Government to prevent the importation of opium from India contrast in a striking manner with our determination to prosecute the traffic regardless of their wishes, or of anything but the profit to be gained from it. When the opium question is considered, can anyone imagine what our feelings and action would be if, for instance, the fabled continent of Atlantis arose from the deep and, having become populous, produced a herb more fascinating than tobacco to smoke, but most deleterious to the consumer, and this drug, having been forbidden by our laws, was nevertheless forced upon us by superior might?



The rightly called 'Opium War' began in 1839, when we seized and occupied Hong Kong, which was finally ceded to us in 1841. To anyone who has been much in China, our existence and commerce there without Hong Kong seem almost unthinkable. It is said that a larger entire tonnage afloat passes through Hong Kong annually than through any other port in the world; this would, of course, include Chinese junks and watercraft of any kind.

Till 1842 our operations during the opium war were confined to the South of China, and mainly to the Canton River. In 1841 we occupied the heights outside the walls of Canton, but abstained from storming the walls and occupying the city. This leniency, though well meant, was no doubt an error. The Chinese believed, or at least gave out to their people, that Canton had proved too strong for us, and thus escaped a severe moral lesson which would have greatly strengthened our diplomatic position in future.

In 1842 our movements extended by sea to the Yang-Tse-Kiang River; this was, in fact, our first successful operation, ending as it did in the Treaty of Nankin.

Our first engagement of this expedition was at the mouth of the Woosung River, which was followed at once by the occupation of Shanghai. After this our squadron proceeded to Nankin, where no further resistance was offered and the treaty was signed on 29th August 1842.

Our relations with China may be said to have continued peaceful till the war which arose from the incident of the Chinese hauling down the British flag on board the *lorcha Arrow* at Canton in October 1856. This was followed by our blockade of the Canton River, after the Chinese had burnt the European factories at Canton. In 1857 in various engagements the fleets of Chinese Mandarin junks were destroyed, and on 29th December the walls of Canton were taken and held.

It was resolved that the error of 1841 should not be repeated, so the city of Canton was occupied, and was held by us till October 1861.

In 1858 a combined English and French naval expedition proceeded to the North, and took the Taku Forts at the mouth of the Peiho River. On 5th June a treaty of peace was signed at Tientsing, which was to be ratified there the following year;

but this being refused, in 1859 an unsuccessful attempt was made to recapture the Taku Forts and enter the river.

In 1860 a powerful English and French naval and military expedition forced its way to Peking and obtained the equal foreign diplomatic relations at that capital which may be said to have continued since.

The present rebellion in China is virtually as to its object a repetition of the so-called Taeping rebellion, which it may therefore be well to recall to mind. Neither of them can in any way be compared with the 'Boxer' rising of 1900, because, while both the first-named originated in the desire to shake off the Manchu dynasty, expel that house from China, and substitute an actual Chinese rule, whether monarchical or republican, the object of the so-called 'Boxers' was not anti-dynastic at all, but simply anti-foreign, and had for its end the turning the Western nations, at least officially, out of China.

The Taeping rebellion may be said to have begun in 1852, though its origin was two or three years earlier. It commenced in the southern part of China, in the province of Kwang-si, and though a small body of rebels did approach Peking—that is, to within a short distance of Tientsing—its principal operations were confined to the neighbourhood of the Yang-Tse-Kiang River.

The chief triumph of the Taipings was their capture of Nankin in March 1853; this, the ancient capital of China, they declared should be again the seat of government. The chief of the rebellion was a man called Hung-siu-tsuen, who assumed the title of Tien Wang, or Heavenly King.

One great feature of the Taeping rebels was their pretence of being Christians. It seems just possible that their leader had at first serious ideas on the subject, but it is at least equally likely that he was actuated by the hope of being countenanced and assisted by European nations on account of his religious proclivities.

He took to his establishment an English missionary, the Rev. Issachar Roberts, who, after some months spent at Nankin, seeing what a mockery their Christian pretences were, abandoned the rebels.

The Tien Wang, in spite of his senseless and impious claim to be a person of the Holy Trinity, nevertheless humbly submitted to reproofs from a man called Yang, who assumed the title of the

Heavenly Father and professed to be in immediate communication with the Divine Ruler of Heaven. These men did study our Bible, and adopted the Ten Commandments as professedly binding themselves, but the atrocities committed by their forces have seldom been surpassed in history.

How many lives were sacrificed during the Taeping rebellion it is impossible to say, but it was usual for the rebels on taking a city to slaughter most if not all of its inhabitants, and statements as to the total deaths caused by the rebellion have varied from fourteen to twenty millions.

It seems as if the Tien Wang, having safely installed himself at Nankin, relapsed into a condition of indolence; he was very little seen, and remained mostly in his palace, and this lethargy on his part probably was the means of preventing further conquests, and possibly the success of the rebellion.

In 1860 the Taipings made an attack on Shanghai which was easily repulsed, and they then continued desultory operations in its neighbourhood, which, in fact, were continued till the end.

During this time an irregular force was raised under the auspices of the Tao-tai of Shanghai. It was at first commanded by an American filibuster named Ward, who on his death in an attack near Ningpo was replaced by a compatriot of the same class; he in turn was succeeded by an officer of the Royal Marines, and the command of the contingent ultimately, as is known, devolved on Charles G. Gordon, then a young officer in the Royal Engineers, whose splendid leadership gained the force under him the name of 'The Ever-Victorious Army,' which captured Nankin, and finally put an end to the rebellion.

The queue, or pigtail, generally worn by Chinamen is a Manchu and not a Chinese fashion; the Manchus forced it on their Chinese subjects, but the Taipings reverted to the old habit of simply wearing their hair long all over their heads, and were in consequence often spoken of as Chang-mows, or long-haired.

It is, perhaps, a remarkable proof of the supremacy of the Tartars that they should have felt themselves powerful enough very soon after their establishment at Peking to enforce this command on the whole of the male population. On the other hand, it is curious to observe that the barbarous custom of the women's foot-binding, which is of Chinese and not of Manchu origin, was kept by the women of China, who, one might have

thought, would have been only too glad to be emancipated from it.

The 'Boxer' rising is so recent, and therefore so well known and remembered, that I feel no account of it is here required. The most interesting Chinese personality concerned therein was certainly the Dowager Empress of China. I suppose most people have read one or more of the lately written books referring to her. It is very evident that she wished to get rid of all foreigners from China; but during the siege of the Legations she alternated between hopes of success and fears of failure, and thus blew hot and cold, as the common saying is. She wielded such undoubted power that, had she taken a firm line against the foreigners, the Legations must have fallen in spite of their determined and gallant defence. It is surprising to me that so clever a person, as she certainly was in many respects, could have believed it possible to turn the Europeans out of China, or could have felt otherwise than that any violence committed against them, however apparently successful for the moment, would be followed by a speedy and terrible vengeance.

A perusal of the Dowager Empress's life shows her to have been an ultra-retrograde in desire and policy; a woman both heartless and selfish, of loose morals, and redeemed by no virtues unless they be decision, determination, courage, and a sort of industry, or restlessness. Her whole conduct towards the young Emperor Kuang Hsü was marked by cruelty and ill-feeling; indeed, she seems to have been devoid of all feminine delicacy. That she was a woman of great talent and perfect fearlessness is indisputable—few if any men could have surpassed her in these respects; but if it is true, as reported that on her death-bed she said, 'Never again allow any woman to hold the supreme power in the State. It is against the home law of our dynasty and should be strictly forbidden. Be careful not to permit eunuchs to meddle in Government matters. The Ming dynasty was brought to ruin by eunuchs, and its fate should be a warning to my people,' it shows that she was very conscious of the errors she had committed, and when the path of earthly power was closing to her she felt impelled to express the result of her experience.

A country as large as China could hardly be properly governed before the invention of railways and electric telegraphs, and that may probably be reckoned as one of the great

reasons why the various provinces of China often differ in their language so as to be unable to understand each other; they have no national feeling, and are, in fact, quite devoid of what we call patriotism. My own experience on various occasions has very plainly shown me that the natives of the North and of the South of China have no common love of country, no inner feeling that theirs is one nation, which, in spite perhaps of internal or domestic differences, should become one and united when a foreign enemy is at their door.

The missionary question in China has at times been an active source of ill-feeling towards foreigners. The earliest Christian missionaries were not at first ill-treated, and the Jesuits obtained a promising measure of success. To my mind the Pope's refusal to countenance the Chinese custom of the so-called worship of ancestors was an error. In point of fact it is not actual worship, because the Chinaman expects when dead to benefit by the religious exercises of his descendants, which custom and belief seem to me not at all far removed from prayers for the dead. The respect for ancestry is a leading feature of the race, and a belief in a future life is as firm a creed with them as with any Christian community. It is well known both that honours are bestowed on the departed and are very highly valued by the living; and, on the other hand, that sentences of punishment and degradation are promulgated, and regarded quite as seriously by the descendants as if the condemned one were alive.

No one disputes that an immense number of thoroughly good and earnest men have devoted their lives to missionary work in China, and the life of an inland missionary in that country is often full of self-sacrifice. But there are two special features that I think deserve criticism. One is that the missionary is too often, as regarded by the native eye, a harbinger of foreign interference. First the missionary, second the gunboat, third the army (or the acquisition of territory) has become a saying. It is very well in a country like China that it should be stipulated that missionaries should be received and protected at the 'treaty ports'; but if they choose to penetrate inland, where they are not invited, and to preach doctrines that cannot but hurt the feelings of any inhabitants with a belief in their own religion, how can we wonder if they often excite the populace against them?

I do not exactly blame the zealous expounder of his faith for so doing, but I think he is often ill-advised in his procedure, and I cannot feel that it is a just case for national armed interference.

If such enforced proselytism were introduced into our own country from, let us say, China in favour of Buddhism, and backed up by armed force, what would our attitude be? I think we too often forget this view of the question.

The other feature I would refer to is this: China perhaps specially—but no doubt other non-Christian countries too—is visited by missionaries of many different sects and churches: these men, and often in proportion to their earnestness, insist with eloquence on their own special creed, but at the too evident expense of all other branches of the Christian Churches who do not agree with them. This surely must awake in the intended but wavering convert's mind an atmosphere of doubt as to which creed, if any, can be the right one.

The various foreign possessions now held in China must be an irritation to any patriotic Chinese, whether statesman or not, and if, or when, China assumes the position of power and prestige that her size and population should entitle her to, there can be little doubt that some, if not all, of these foreign concessions will have to be given up. This may not necessarily be a great commercial loss; the Chinaman is pre-eminently a trader—his good character as such is almost proverbial—and he is not likely to forgo voluntarily his pecuniary interest.

I will not attempt to prophesy as to which foreign settlement would be the first to be surrendered, nor even to say which I think should be soonest given up, but will only remark that those longest held seem to me to have the strongest claim for permanency. Of them all, Macao is, of course, the 'doyen,' but its value as a commercial centre has long waned, and its use as a seaport is steadily decreasing, on account of the gradual shoaling of its harbour. Whatever may be done about the restoration of foreign concessions to Chinese authority, I suppose that cosmopolitan settlements like Shanghai and Tientsing would be among the last to hoist the Chinese flag.

To us the idea of giving up Hong Kong is, as I have said, almost unthinkable, and our claims to hold it are not easy for the owners of other positions to rival. It has also the special merit of being an island, though attached to it is some mainland territory. Previous to our more recent acquisition of land about Kaulung, on the north side of Hong Kong harbour, which addition was only part of the old agreement, a curious position was possible, viz. that, as a small part of the China coast side of the anchorage was Chinese, in case of our being at war with a

Power other than China, vessels of our enemy might have been lying in Hong Kong harbour, yet sheltered in a neutral port.

China, as everyone knows, has never been a military nation by instinct, by training, or by actual great necessity. She has, it is true, had foreign enemies, her invasions, and her changes of rulers, but, partly on account of her enormous size, these events seem never to have interested or convulsed her throughout. Immense space, difficult communication, want of circulating literature, and perhaps the different modes of life due to variety of climate, tended to keep her people separate in their interests and feelings; though the name of their Government and their national flag were the same.

Perhaps alone in China the profession of arms has not been honoured; in Europe the vicinity of nations with different interests has made armed defence a necessity, but for China no such general need existed, and the consequence is that she becomes only reluctantly an armed Power. But the change has now begun in earnest, and I see no reason why Chinese may not become formidable soldiers. They have plenty of stamina, few necessities, and can live on very little. Death is to them no terror compared with what it is to Western people, and their endurance of pain is surprising.

I may be allowed to quote our experience of the Chinese regiment raised at Wei-hai-wei, and commanded and drilled by British officers, as I watched their formation, their conduct on active service at Tientsing, and their military training as a regiment twelve hundred strong. All, I believe, who knew them will agree in praising their efficiency and good promise till disbanded by the strange inconsistencies of British rule. But a Parliamentary Government is of its nature obliged to vary, and its ways are inscrutable, and too often remind one of the well-known saying '*Quantilla sapientia regitur mundus.*'

The question of a navy naturally belongs to that of an army, and it has been well said that 'to be master of the sea is an abridgment of a monarchy.' For the defence of China it is perhaps open to argument whether she most requires a navy or an army: the first because her coast is so extensive that great mobility is required for its defence, the second because as she is not an island her foes may come by land. I am in favour of her first getting an army; but as regards the naval question, I think it will be a very far harder and longer task for her to obtain a really efficient fleet.



As concerns a seafaring population, no country can compare with China in the number of her men bred and habituated to a sea life. A navy must have its good seaports, good both as to geographical position and suitability as naval bases.

There are several possible to choose from, and for so large a coast one only would be absurd. Space does not permit me to discuss this question, so I will only say that the opinion I had from Admiral Count Togo was that probably Chusan would be the best to begin with.

The population of China is, I believe, very uncertainly known, no proper census existing. If you try to find out the numbers in a town or village you will probably be told the answer cannot be given, but that the whole population of China is about four hundred millions. I see that this is now at times changed for a higher number. I have, however, been told by a high Japanese official, whose name I forbear to quote, that in his opinion the population of China is much overestimated in number.

The revenue of China is, of course, very small for its size. There are three chief classes of taxes, the principal being the 'Imperial Customs,' a standing memorial to the great ability and work of the late Sir Robert Hart; secondly, the 'likin,' best, I think, described shortly as a kind of 'octroi' between provinces; and thirdly, the 'Land tax,' which is of three degrees. I understand that as regards this last it is by no means a heavy impost, that it is not very strictly collected, and that a good deal of what is paid finds much difficulty in getting through the hands, or pockets, of the local mandarins, and safely into the Government exchequer.

As regards the foreign trade of China, in 1910 its value of both imports and exports was over one hundred and fourteen millions sterling, out of which £59,000,000, or approximately 52 per cent. (over one half), was with the United Kingdom and British dominions. It is right to add that Hong Kong claims nearly £38,000,000 of the above; still, for one nationality to hold half the trade is saying a good deal. As a comparison I may add that for the same year, 1910, the share of the United States in direct foreign trade with China only amounted to about  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.

I believe the idea or name of 'the Yellow Peril' originated with an illustrious and very intelligent personage, but I must

say that I cannot share in the anticipation. There is no love lost between China and Japan, and their combination against other countries could only be the result of very bad diplomacy on the part of the latter. Indeed, I no more expect China alone, or a combined China and Japan, to try to emulate the campaigns of Attila or Timoor, than I do to see France and Germany combine together to invade the United States.

The present revolution in China is the most startling change of a government since the great French cataclysm. Its apparent complete success is the best proof of how much it was required, and of how worthless, retrograde, and out of date the rule of the Manchus had become. No one can pity them, nor could anything have brought reform while they still held actual power. Their departure from China would seem the best thing, except for the question of their replacement. Although a representative of the old Ming dynasty exists, placing him on the throne is almost out of the question. The idea of the leaders of the rebellion seems to have been to have a republic. Drastic changes are sometimes best, but in this case the more moderate one to a constitutional monarchy will be the wisest experiment.

The man of the moment is of course Yuan-shih-kai, who for several years has played a very important part. In 1900 he was Viceroy of Shang-tung, with a well-armed and trained army under his command; these he kept in hand, but had he launched them against the Allies the Tientsing settlements would probably have fallen, and the Peking Legations have followed them. By preventing this wholesale destruction of foreigners, and the Western reprisals that must have followed it, he, no doubt, rendered a great service to his country.

The Chinese seem intending to copy our Constitution; the change to them will indeed be marvellous, but it is often safer to make sweeping reforms than small ones. The world will watch the Chinese transformation with interest; is it possible that China will try to rival the hitherto unprecedented metamorphosis of her neighbour, Japan? She may even break up into two or more nations, which I hope will not be the case, as it could hardly occur without immense dislocation of trade, and very dangerous foreign rivalries to obtain territory in these days of general national land-hunger. But I will not attempt to prophesy, as I do not know!

## *THE CASE OF RICHARD MEYNELL.<sup>1</sup>*

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

THE February afternoon in Long Whindale, shortened by the first heavy snowstorm of the winter, passed quickly into darkness. Down through all the windings of the valley the snow showers swept from the north, becoming, as the wind dropped a little towards night, a steady continuous fall, which in four or five hours had already formed drifts of some depth in exposed places.

Towards six o'clock, the small farmer living across the lane from Burwood became anxious about some sheep which had been left in a high 'intak' on the fell. He was a thriftless procrastinating fellow, and when the storm came on about four o'clock had been taking his tea in a warm ingle-nook by his wife's fire. He was then convinced that the storm would 'hod off,' at least till morning, that the sheep would get shelter enough from the stone walls of the 'intak,' and that all was well. But a couple of hours later the persistence of the snow-fall, together with his wife's reproaches, goaded him into action. He went out with his son and lanterns, intending to ask the old shepherd at the Bridge Farm to help them in their expedition to find and fold the sheep.

Meanwhile, in the little sitting-room at Burwood, Catharine Elsmere and Mary were sitting, the one with her book, the other with her needlework, while the snow and wind outside beat on the little house. But Catharine's needlework often dropped unheeded from her fingers; and the pages of Mary's book remained unturned. The postman who brought letters up the dale in the morning, and took letters back to Whinborough at night, had just passed by in his little cart, hooded and cloaked against the storm, and hoping to reach Whinborough before the

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1911, by Mrs. Humphry Ward, in the United States of America.

drifts in the roads had made travelling too difficult. Mary had put into his hands a letter addressed to the Rev. Richard Meynell, Hôtel Richelieu, Paris. And beside her on the table lay a couple of sheets of foreign notepaper, covered closely with Meynell's not very legible handwriting.

Catharine also had some open letters on her lap. Presently she turned to Mary—

'The Bishop thinks the trial will certainly end to-morrow.'

'Yes,' said Mary, without raising her eyes.

Catharine took her daughter's hand in a tender clasp.

'I am so sorry!—for you both.'

'Dearest!' Mary laid her mother's hand against her cheek.

'But I don't think Richard will be misunderstood again.'

'No. The Bishop says that, mysterious as it all is, nobody blames him for being absent. They trust him. But this time, it seems, he *did* write to the Bishop—just a few words.'

'Yes, I know. I am glad.' But as she spoke, the pale severity of the girl's look belied the word she used. During the fortnight of Meynell's absence, while he and Alice Puttenham in the south of France had been following every possible clue in a vain search for Hester, and the Arches trial had been necessarily left entirely to the management of Meynell's counsel and to the resources of his co-defendants Darwen and Chesham, Mary had suffered much. To see his own brilliant vindication of himself and his followers, in the face of religious England, snuffed out and extinguished in a moment by the call of this private duty had been hard!—all the more seeing that the catastrophe had been brought about by misconduct so wanton, so flagrant, as Hester's. There had sprung up in Mary's mind, indeed, a *saeva indignatio*; not for herself, but for Richard, first and foremost, and next for his cause. Dark as she knew Meynell's forebodings and beliefs to be, anxiety for Hester must sometimes be forgotten in a natural resentment for high aims thwarted, and a great movement risked, by the wicked folly of a girl of eighteen, on whom every affection and every care had been lavished.

'The roads will be impassable to-morrow,' said Catharine, drawing aside the curtain, only to see a window already blocked with drifted snow. 'But!—who can be ringing on such a night?'

For a peal of the front-door bell went echoing through the little house.

Mary stepped into the hall, and herself opened the door, only to be temporarily blinded by the rush of wind and snow through the opening.

'A telegram!' she exclaimed, in wonder—'Please come in and wait. Isn't it very bad?'

'I hope I'll be able to get back!' laughed the young man who had brought it. 'The roads are drifting up fast. It was no good bicycling. I got 'em to gie me a horse. I've just put him in your stable, Miss.'

But Mary heard nothing of what he was saying. She had rushed back into the sitting-room.

'Mother!—Richard and Miss Puttenham will be here to-night. They have heard of Hester.'

In stupefaction they read the telegram, which had been sent from Crewe.

'Received news of Hester on arrival Paris yesterday. She has left M. Says she has gone to find your mother. Keep her. We arrive to-night Whinborough 7.10.'

'It is now seven,' said Catharine, looking at her watch. 'But where—where is she?'

Hurriedly they called their little parlour-maid into the room and questioned her with closed doors. No—she knew nothing of any visitor. Nobody had called; nobody, so far as she knew, had passed by, except the ordinary neighbours. Once in the afternoon, indeed, she had thought she heard a carriage pass the bottom of the lane, but on looking out from the kitchen she had seen nothing of it.

Out of this slender fact, the only further information that could be extracted was a note of time. It was, the girl thought, about four o'clock when she heard the carriage pass.

'But it couldn't have passed,' Catharine objected, 'or you would have seen it go up the valley.'

The girl assented, for the kitchen window commanded the road up to the bridge. Then the carriage, if she had really heard it, must have come to the foot of the lane, turned and gone back towards Whinborough again. There was no other road available.

The telegraph messenger was dismissed, after a cup of coffee;

and thankful for something to do, Catharine and Mary, with minds full of conjecture and distress, set about preparing two rooms for their guests.

'Will they ever get here?' Mary murmured to herself, when at last the two rooms lay neat and ready, with a warm fire in each, and she could allow herself to open the front door again an inch or two, and look out into the weather. Nothing to be seen but the whirling snowflakes. The horrid fancy seized her that Hester had really been in that carriage and had turned back at their door. So that again Richard, arriving weary and heart-stricken, would be disappointed. Mary's bitterness grew.

But all that could be done was to listen to every sound without, in the hope of catching something else than the roaring of the wind, and to give the rein to speculation and dismay.

Catharine sat waiting, in her chair, the tears welling silently. It touched her profoundly that Hester, in her sudden despair, should have thought of coming to her; though apparently it was a project she had not carried out. All her deep heart of compassion yearned over the lost, unhappy one. Oh, to bring her comfort!—to point her to the only help and hope in the arms of an all-pitying God. Catharine knew much more of Meryon's history and antecedents—from Meynell—than did Mary. She was convinced that the marriage, if there had been a marriage, had been a bogus one, and that the disgrace was irreparable. But in her stern, rich nature, now that the culprit had turned from her sin, there was not a thought of condemnation; only a yearning pity, an infinite tenderness.

At last towards nine o'clock there were steps on the garden path. Mary flew to the door. In the porch there stood the old shepherd from the Bridge Farm. His hat, beard, and shoulders were heavy with snow, and his face shone like a red wrinkled apple, in the light of the hall lamp.

'Beg your pardon, Miss, but I've juist coom from helpin' Tyson to get his sheep in. Verra careless of him to ha' left it so long!—aw mine wor safe i't fold by fower o'clock. An' I thowt, Miss, as I'd mak bold, afore goin' back to t' farm, to coom an' ast yo, if t'yoong leddy got safe hoam this afternoon? I wor a bit worritted, for I thowt I saw her on t' Mardale Head path, juist affther I got home, from t' field abuve t' Bridge Farm,

an' it wor noan weather for a stranger, Miss, yo unnerstan', to be oot on t' fells, and it gettin' so black——'

'What young lady?' cried Mary. 'Oh, come in, please.'

And she drew him hurriedly into the sitting-room, where Catharine had already sprung to her feet in terror. There they questioned him. Yes—they had been expecting a lady. When had he seen her?—the young lady he spoke of? What was she like? In what direction had she gone? He answered their questions as clearly as he could, his own honest face growing steadily longer and graver.

And all the time he carried, unconsciously, something heavy in his hand, on the top of which the snow had settled. Presently Mary perceived it.

'Sit down, please!' she pushed a chair towards him. 'You must be tired out! And let me take that——'

She held out her hand. The old man looked down—recollecting.

'That's noan o' mine, Miss. I——'

Catharine cried out—

'It's hers! It's Hester's!'

She took the bag from Mary, and shook the snow from it. It was a small dressing-bag of green leather and on it appeared the initials—'H. F.-W.'

They looked at each other speechless. The old man hastened to explain that on opening the gate which led to the house from the lane, his foot had stumbled against something on the path. By the light of his lantern he had seen it was a bag of some sort, had picked it up, and brought it in.

'She *was* in the carriage!' said Mary, under her breath, 'and must have just pushed this inside the gate, before——'

Before she went to her death? Was that what would have to be added? For there was horror in both their minds. The mountains at the head of Long Whindale run up to no great height, but there are plenty of crags on them with a sheer drop of anything from fifty to a hundred feet. Ten or twenty feet would be quite enough to disable an exhausted girl. Five hours since she was last seen!—and since the storm began; four hours, at least, since thick darkness had descended on the valley.

'We must do something at once.' Catharine addressed the old man in quick, resolute tones. 'We must get a party together.'



But as she spoke there were further sounds outside—of trampling feet and voices—vying with the storm. Mary ran into the hall. Two figures appeared in the porch in the light of her lamp as she held it up, with a third behind them, carrying luggage. In front stood Meynell, and an apparently fainting woman, clinging to, and supported by his arm.

‘Help me with this lady, please!’ said Meynell, peremptorily, not recognising who it was holding the light. ‘This last climb from the gate has been too much for her. Alice!—just a few steps more!’

And bending over his charge, he lifted the frail form over the threshold, and saw, as he did so, that he was placing her in Mary’s arms.

‘She is absolutely worn out,’ he said, drawing quick breath, while all his face relaxed in a sudden irrepressible joy. ‘But she would come.’ Then, in a lower voice—‘Is Hester here?’ Mary shook her head, and something in her eyes warned him of fresh calamity. He stooped suddenly to look at Alice, and perceived that she was quite unconscious. He and Mary, between them, raised her and carried her into the sitting-room. Then, while Mary ministered to her, Meynell grasped Catharine’s hand—with the brusque question—

‘What has happened?’

Catharine beckoned to old David, the shepherd, and she, with David and Meynell, went across, out of hearing, into the tiny dining-room of the cottage. Meanwhile the horses and man who had brought the travellers from Whinborough had to be put up for the night; for the man would not venture the return journey.

Meynell had soon heard what there was to tell. He himself was grey with fatigue and sleeplessness; but there was no time to think of that.

‘What men can we get?’ he asked of the shepherd.

Old David ruminated, and finally suggested the two sons of the farmer across the lane, his own master, the young tenant of the Bridge Farm, and the cowman from the same farm.

‘And the Lord knows I’d goa wi you myself, Sir’—said the fine-featured old man, a touch of trouble in his blue eyes—‘for I feel soomhow as though there were a bit o’ my fault in it.’

But we've had a heavy job on 't fells awready, an' I should be noa good to you.'

He went over to the neighbouring farm, to recruit some young men, and presently returned with them, with the driver, also, from Whinborough, a stalwart Westmoreland lad, eager to help.

Meanwhile Meynell had snatched some food at Catharine's urgent entreaty, and had stood a moment in the sitting-room, his hand in Mary's, looking down upon the just reviving Alice.

'She's been a plucky woman,' he said, with emotion; 'but she's about at the end of her tether.' And in a few brief sentences he described the agitated pursuit of the last fortnight; the rapid journeys, prompted now by this clue, now by that; the alternate hopes and despairs; with no real information of any kind, till Hester's telegram, sent originally to Upcote and re-forwarded, had reached Meynell in Paris, just as they had returned thither for a fresh consultation with the police at headquarters.

As the sound of men's feet in the kitchen broke in upon the hurried narrative, and Meynell was leaving the room, Alice opened her eyes.

'Hester?' The pale lips just breathed the name.

'We've heard of her.' Meynell stooped to the questioner. 'It's a real clue this time. She's not far away. But don't ask any more now. Let Mrs. Elsmere take you to bed—and there'll be more news in the morning.'

She made a feeble sign of assent.

A quarter of an hour later all was ready, and Mary stood again in the porch, holding the lamp high for the departure of the rescuers. They were five men with lanterns, ropes, and poles, laden besides with blankets, and everything else that Catharine's practical sense could suggest. Old David would go with the rest as far as the Bridge Farm.

The snow was still coming down in a stealthy and abundant fall, but the wind showed some signs of abating.

'They'll find it easier goin', past t' bridge, than it would ha' been an hour since,' said old David to Mary, pitying the white anxiety of her face. She thanked him, with a smile, and then, while he marched ahead, she put down the lamp and leant

her head a moment against Meynell's shoulder, and he kissed her hair.

Down went the little procession to the main road. Through the lane the lights wavered, and presently, standing at the kitchen window, Catharine and Mary could watch them dancing up the dale, now visible, now vanishing. It must be at least, and at best, two or three hours before the party reappeared; it might be much more. They turned from useless speculation to give all their thoughts to Alice Puttenham.

Too exhausted to speak or think, she was passive in their hands. She was soon in bed, in a deep sleep, and Mary, having induced her mother to lie down in the sitting-room, and having made up fires throughout the house, sent the servants to bed, and herself began her watch in Alice Puttenham's room.

Dreary and long, the night passed away. Once or twice through the waning storm Mary heard the deep bell of the little church, tolling the hours; once or twice she went hurriedly downstairs thinking there were steps in the garden, only to meet her mother in the hall, on the same bootless errand. At last, worn with thinking and praying, she fell fitfully asleep, and woke to find moonlight shining through the blind in Alice Puttenham's room. She drew aside the blind and saw with a shock of surprise that the storm was over; the valley lay pure white under a moon just dipping to the western fells; the clouds were upfurling; and only the last echoes of the gale were dying through the bare snow-laden trees that fringed the stream. It was four o'clock. Six hours since the rescue party had started. Alack!—they must have had far to seek.

Suddenly!—out of the dark bosom of the valley, lights emerged. Mary sprang to her feet. Yes! it was they—it was Richard returning.

One look at the bed, where the delicate pinched face still lay high on the pillows, drenched in a sleep which was almost a swoon, and Mary stole out of the room.

There was time to complete their preparations and renew the fires. When Catharine softly unlatched the front door, everything was ready—warm blankets, hot milk, hot-water bottles. But now they hardly dared speak to each other; dread kept them dumb. Nearer and nearer came the sound of feet and lowered voices. Soon they could hear the swing of the gate

leading into the garden. Four men entered, carrying something. Meynell walked in front with the lantern.

As he saw the open door, he hurried forward. They read what he had to say in his haggard look before he spoke.

'We found her a long way up the pass. She has had a bad fall—but she is alive. That's all one can say. The exposure alone might have killed her. She hasn't spoken—not a word. That good fellow'—he nodded towards the Whinborough lad who had brought them from the station—'will take one of his horses and go for the doctor. We shall get him here in a couple of hours.'

Silently they brought her in, the stalwart, kindly men; they mounted the cottage stairs, and on Catharine's bed they laid her down.

O crushed and wounded youth! The face, drawn and fixed in pain, was marble-cold, and marble-white; the delicate, mire-stained hands hung helpless. Masses of drenched hair fell about the neck and bosom; and there was a wound on the temple which had been bandaged, but was now bleeding afresh. Catharine bent over her in an anguish, feeling for pulse and heart. Meynell, whispering, pointed out that the right leg was broken below the knee. He himself had put it in some rough splints, made out of the poles the shepherds were carrying.

Both Catharine and Mary had ambulance training, and, helped by their two maids, they did all they could. They cut away the soaked clothes. They applied warmth in every possible form; they got down some spoonfuls of warm milk and brandy; dreading always to hear the first sounds of consciousness and pain.

They came at last—the low moans of one coming terribly back to life. Meynell returned to the room, and knelt by her.

'Hester—dear child!—you are quite safe—we are all here—the doctor will be coming directly.'

His tone was tender as a woman's. His ghostly face, disfigured by exhaustion, shewed him absorbed in pity. Mary, standing near, longed to kneel down by him, and weep; but there was an austere sense that not even she must interrupt the moment of recognition.

At last it came. Hester opened her eyes—

'Uncle Richard?—Is that Uncle Richard?'

A long silence, broken by moaning; while Meynell knelt there, watching her, sometimes whispering to her.

At last she said, 'I couldn't face you all. I'm dying.' She moved her right hand restlessly. 'Give me something for this pain—I—I can't stand it.'

'Dear Hester—can you bear it a little longer?—We will do all we can. We have sent for the doctor. He has a motor. He will be here very soon.'

'I don't want to live. I want to stop the pain. Uncle Richard!'

'Yes, dear Hester.'

'I hate Philip—now.'

'It's best not to talk of him, dear. You want all your strength.'

'No—I must. There's not much time. I suppose—I've—I've made you very unhappy?'

'Yes—but now we have you again—our dear, dear Hester.'

'You can't care. And I—can't say—I'm sorry. Don't you remember?'

His face quivered. He understood her reference to the long fits of naughtiness of her childhood, when neither nurse, nor governess, nor 'Aunt Alice' could ever get out of her the stereotyped words, 'I'm sorry.' But he could not trust himself to speak. And it seemed as though she understood his silence, for she feebly moved her uninjured hand towards him; and he raised it to his lips.

'Did I fall—a long way? I don't recollect—anything.'

'You had a bad fall, my poor child. Be brave!—the doctor will help you.'

He longed to speak to her of her mother, to tell her the truth. It was borne in upon him that he *must* tell her,—if she was to die; that in the last strait, Alice's arms must be about her. But the doctor must decide.

Presently, she was a little easier. The warm stimulant dulled the consciousness which came in gusts. Once or twice, as she recognised the faces near her, there was a touch of life, even of mockery. There was a moment when she smiled at Catharine—

'You're sweet. You won't say—"I told you so"!'

In one of the intervals when she seemed to have lapsed again

into unconsciousness, Meynell reported something of the search. They had found her a long distance from the path, at the foot of a steep and rocky scree, some twenty or thirty feet high, down which she must have slipped headlong. There she had lain for some eight hours in the storm before they found her. She neither moved nor spoke when they discovered her, nor had there been any sign of life, beyond the faint beating of the pulse, on the journey down.

The pale dawn was breaking when the doctor arrived. His verdict was at first not without hope. She *might* live; if there were no internal injuries of importance. The next few hours would show. He sent his motor back to Whinborough Cottage Hospital for a couple of nurses, and prepared, himself, to stay the greater part of the day. He had just gone downstairs to speak to Meynell, and Catharine was sitting by the bed, when Hester once more roused herself.

'How that man hurt me!—don't let him come in again.'

Then, in a perfectly hard, clear voice, she added imperiously—'I want to see my mother.'

Catharine stooped towards her, in an agitation she found it difficult to conceal.

'Dear Hester!—we are sending a telegram, as soon as the post office is open, to Lady Fox-Wilton.'

Hester moved her hand impatiently.

'She's not my mother, and I'm glad. Where is—*my mother?*' She laid a strange, deep emphasis on the word, opening her eyes wide and threateningly. Catharine understood at once that, in some undiscovered way, she knew what they had all been striving to keep from her. It was no time for questioning. Catharine rose quietly.

'She is here, Hester. I will go and tell her.'

Leaving one of the maids in charge, Catharine ran down to the doctor, who gave a reluctant consent, lest more harm should come of refusing the interview than of granting it. And as Catharine ran upstairs again, she had time to reflect, with self-reproach, on the strange completeness with which she at any rate had forgotten that frail ineffectual woman asleep in Mary's room, from the moment of Hester's arrival till now.

But Mary had not forgotten her. When Catharine opened the door, it was to see a thin phantom-like figure, standing fully

dressed, and leaning on Mary's arm. Catharine went up to her with tears, and kissed her, holding her hands close.

'Hester asks for you—for her mother—her real mother. She knows.'

'*She knows?*' Alice stood paralysed a moment gazing at Catharine. Then the colour rushed back into her face. 'I am coming—I am coming—at once,' she said impetuously. 'I am quite strong. Don't help me, please. And—let me go in alone. I won't do her harm. If you—and Mary—would stand by the door—I would call in a moment—if——'

They agreed. She went with tottering steps across the landing. On the threshold, Catharine paused; Mary remained a little behind. Alice went in and shut the door.

The blinds in Hester's room were up, and the snow-covered fells rising steeply above the house filled it with a wintry reflected light—a dreary light, that a large fire could not dispel. On the white bed lay Hester, breathing quickly and shallowly; bright colour now in each sunken cheek. The doctor himself had cut off a great part of her hair—her glorious hair. The rest fell now in damp golden curls about her slender neck, beneath the cap-like bandage which hid the forehead and temples and gave her the look of a young nun. At first sight of her, Alice knew that she was doomed. Do what she would, she could not restrain the low cry which the sight tore from the depths of life.

Hester feebly beckoned. Alice came near, and took the right hand in hers, while Hester smiled, her eyelids fluttering. 'Mother!'—she said, so as scarcely to be heard:—and then again—'*Mother!*'

Alice sank down beside her with a sob, and without a word they gazed into each other's eyes. Slowly Hester's filled with tears. But Alice's were dry. In her face there was as much ecstasy as anguish. It was the first look that Hester's *soul* had ever given her. All the past was in it; and that strange sense, on both sides, that there was no future.

At last Alice murmured.

'How did you know?'

'Philip told me.'

The girl stopped abruptly. It had been on her tongue to say—'It was that made me go with him.'

But she did not say it. And while Alice's mind, rushing



miserably over the past, was trying to piece together some image of what had happened, Hester began to talk intermittently about the preceding weeks. Alice tried to stop her; but to thwart her only produced a restless excitement, and she had her way.

She spoke of Philip with horror, yet with a perfectly clear sense of her own responsibility.

'I needn't have gone—but I would go. There was a devil in me—that wanted to know. Now I know—too much. I'm glad it's over. This life isn't worth while—not for me.'

So, from these lips of eighteen, came the voice of the world's old despairs!

Presently she asked peremptorily for Meynell, and he came to her.

'Uncle Richard, I want to be sure'—she spoke strongly and in her natural voice—'Am I Philip's wife—or—or not? We were married on January 25th, at the Mairie of the 10th Arrondissement, by a man in a red scarf. We signed registers and things. Then—when we quarrelled—Philip said—he wasn't certain about that woman—in Scotland. You might be right. Tell me the truth, please. Am I—his wife?'

And as the words dropped faintly, the anxiety in her beautiful death-stricken eyes was strange and startling to see. Through all her recklessness, her defiance of authority and custom, could be seen at last the strength of inherited, implanted things: the instinct of a race, a family, overleaping deviation.

Meynell bent over her steadily, and took her hand in both his own.

'Certainly, you are his wife. Have no anxiety at all about that. My inquiries all broke down. There was no Scotch marriage.'

Hester said nothing for a little; but the look of relief was clear. Alice on the further side of the bed dropped her face in her hands. Was it not only forty-eight hours since in Paris Meynell had told her that he had received conclusive evidence of the Scotch marriage, and that Hester was merely Philip's victim, not his wife? Passionately her heart thanked him for the falsehood. She saw clearly that Hester's mortal wounds were not all bodily. She was dying partly of self-contempt, self-judgment. Meynell's strong words—his 'noble lie'—had lifted, as it were, a fraction of the moral weight that was destroying her; had made a space—a freedom, in which the spirit could move.

So much Alice saw; blind meanwhile to the tragic irony of this piteous stress laid at such a moment, by one so lawless, on the social law!

Thenceforward the poor sufferer was touchingly gentle and amenable. Morphia had been given her liberally, and the relief was great. When the nurses came at midday, however, the pulse had already begun to fail. They could do nothing; and though within call, they left her mainly to those who loved her.

In the early afternoon, she asked suddenly for the Communion, and Meynell administered it. The three women who were watching her received it with her. In Catharine's mind, as Meynell's hands brought her the sacred bread and wine, all thoughts of religious difference between herself and him had vanished, burnt away by sheer heat of feeling. There was no difference! Words became mere transparencies, through which shone the ineffable.

When it was over, Hester opened her eyes—'Uncle Richard!' The voice was only a whisper now.—'You loved my father?'

'I loved him dearly—and you—and your mother—for his sake.'

He stooped to kiss her cheek.

'I wonder what it'll be like'—she said, after a moment, with more strength,—'beyond? How strange that—I shall know before you! Uncle Richard—I'm—I'm sorry!'

At that the difficult tears blinded him, and he could not reply. But she was beyond tears, concentrating all the last effort of the mind on the sheer maintenance of life. Presently she added:—

'I don't hate—even Philip now. I—I forget him. Mother!' And again she clung to her mother's hand, feebly turning her face to be kissed.

Once she opened her eyes when Mary was beside her, and smiled brightly.

'I've been such a trouble, Mary—I've spoilt Uncle Richard's life. But now you'll have him all the time—and he'll have you. You dear!—Kiss me. You've got a golden Mother. Take care of mine—won't you?—my poor Mother!'

So the hours wore on. Science was clever and merciful and eased her pain. Love encompassed her, and when the wintry light failed, her faintly beating heart failed with it, and all was still. . . .

‘Richard!—Richard!—Come with me.’

So, with low, tender words, Mary tried to lead him away, after that trance of silence in which they had all been standing round the dead. He yielded to her; he was ready to see the doctor and to submit to the absolute rest enjoined. But already there was something in his aspect which terrified Mary. Through the night that followed, as she lay awake, a true instinct told her that the first great wrestle of her life and her love was close upon her.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

ON the day following Hester’s death, an inquest was held in the dining-room at Burwood. Meynell and old David the shepherd stood out chief among the witnesses.

‘This poor lady’s name, I understand, Sir,’ said the grey-haired Coroner, addressing Meynell, when the first preliminaries were over, ‘was Miss Hester Fox-Wilton; she was the daughter of the late Sir Ralph Fox-Wilton; she was under age; and you and Lady Fox-Wilton—who is not here, I am told, owing to illness—were her guardians?’

Meynell assented. He stood to the right of the Coroner, leaning heavily on the chair before him. The doctor who had been called in to Hester sat beside him, and wondered, professionally, whether the witness would get through.

‘I understand also,’ the Coroner resumed, ‘that Miss Fox-Wilton had left the family in Paris with whom you and Lady Fox-Wilton had placed her, some three weeks ago, and that you have since been in search of her, in company, I believe, with Miss Fox-Wilton’s aunt, Miss Alice Puttenham. Miss Puttenham, I hope, will appear?’

The doctor rose—

‘I am strongly of opinion, Sir, that, unless for most urgent reasons, Miss Puttenham should not be called upon. She is in a very precarious state, in consequence of grief and shock, and I should greatly fear the results were she to make the effort.’

Meynell intervened.

‘I shall be able, Sir, I think, to give you sufficient information, without its being necessary to call upon Miss Puttenham.’

He went on to give an account, as guarded as he could

make it, of Hester's disappearance from the family with whom she was boarding, of the anxiety of her relations and the search that he and Miss Puttenham had made.

His conscience was often troubled. Vaguely, his mind was pronouncing itself all the while—'It is time now the truth were known. It is better it should be known.' Hester's death had changed the whole situation. But he could himself take no step whatever towards disclosure. And he knew that it was doubtful whether he should or could have advised Alice to take any.

The inquiry went on, the Coroner avoiding the subject of Hester's French escapade as much as possible. After all there need be—there was—no question of suicide; only some explanation had to be suggested of the dressing-bag left within the garden gate, and of the girl's reckless climb into the fells, against old David's advice, on such an afternoon.

Presently, in the midst of David's evidence, describing his meeting with Hester by the bridge, the handle of the dining-room door turned. The door opened a little way, and then shut again. Another minute or two passed, and then the door opened again *timidly as though some one were hesitating outside*. The Coroner, annoyed, beckoned to a constable standing behind the witnesses. But before he could reach it, a lady had slowly pushed it open, and entered the room.

It was Alice Puttenham.

The Coroner looked up, and the doctor rose in astonishment. Alice advanced to the table, and stood at the further end from the Coroner, looking first at him and then at the jury. Her face—emaciated now beyond all touch of beauty,—and the childish overhanging lip, quivered as she tried to speak; but no words came.

'Miss Puttenham, I presume?' said the Coroner. 'We were told, Madam, that you were not well enough to give evidence.'

Meynell was at her side.

'What do you wish?' he said, in a low voice, as he took her hand.

'I wish to give evidence,' she said aloud.

The doctor turned towards the Coroner.

'I think you will agree with me, Sir, that as Miss Putten-

ham has made the effort, she should give her evidence as soon as possible, and should give it sitting.'

A murmur of assent ran round the table. Over the weather-beaten Westmoreland faces had passed a sudden wave of animation.

Alice took her seat, and the oath. Meynell sitting opposite to her covered his face with his hands. He foresaw what she was about to do, and his heart went out to her.

Everybody at the table bent forward to listen. The two shorthand-writers lifted eager faces.

'May I make a statement?' The thin voice trembled through the room.

The Coroner assured the speaker that the Court was willing and anxious to hear anything she might have to say.

Alice fixed her eyes on the old man, as though she would thereby shut out all his surroundings.

'You are inquiring, Sir—into the death—of my daughter.'

The Coroner made a sudden movement.

'Your daughter, Madam? I understood that this poor young lady was the daughter of the late Sir Ralph and Lady Fox-Wilton?'

'She was their adopted daughter. Her father was Mr. Neville Flood, and I—am her mother. Mr. Flood, of Sandford Abbey, died nearly twenty years ago. He and I were never married. My sister and brother-in-law adopted the child. She passed always as theirs, and when Sir Ralph died he appointed—Mr. Meynell—and my sister her guardians. Mr. Meynell has always watched over her—and me. Mr. Flood was much attached to him. He wrote to Mr. Meynell, asking him to help us—just before his death.'

She paused a moment, steadying herself by the table. There was not a sound, not a movement in the room. Only Meynell uncovered his eyes and tried to meet hers, so as to give her encouragement.

She resumed—

'Last August the nurse who attended me—in my confinement—came home to Upcote. She made a statement to a gentleman there—a false statement—and then she died. I wished then to make the truth public—but Mr. Meynell—as Hester's guardian—and for her sake, as well as mine—did not wish it. She knew nothing—then; and he was afraid of its

effect upon her. I followed his advice, and took her abroad, in order to protect her from a bad man who was pursuing her. We did all we could—but we were not able to protect her. They were married without my knowing—and she went away with him. Then he—this man—told her—or perhaps he had done it before, I don't know,—who she was. I can only guess how he knew; but he is Mr. Flood's nephew. My poor child soon found out what kind of man he was. She tried to escape from him. And because Mrs. Elsmere had been always very kind to her, she came here. She knew how——'

The voice paused, and then with difficulty shaped its words again.

'She knew that we should grieve so terribly. She shrank from seeing us. She thought we might be here—and that—partly—made her wander away again—in despair—when she actually got here. But her death was a pure accident—that I am sure of. At the last, she tried to get home—to me. That was the only thing she was conscious of—before she fell. When she was dying—she told me she knew—I was her mother. And now—that she is dead——'

The voice changed and broke—a sudden cry forced its way through—

'Now that she is dead—no one else shall claim her—but me. She's mine now—my child—for ever—only mine!'

She broke off incoherently, bowing her head upon her hands, her slight shoulders shaken by her sobs.

The room was silent, save for a rather general clearing of throats. Meynell signalled to the doctor. They both rose and went to her. Meynell whispered to her.

The Coroner spoke, drawing his handkerchief hastily across his eyes.

'The Court is very grateful to you, Miss Puttenham, for this frank and brave statement. We tender you our best thanks. There is no need for us to detain you longer.'

She rose, and Meynell led her from the room. Outside was a nurse, to whom he resigned her.

'My dear, dear friend!'—Trembling, her eyes met the deep emotion in his—'That was right—that will bring you help. Aye! you have her now—all, all your own.'

On the day of Hester's burying Long Whindale lay glittering

white under a fitful and frosty sunshine. The rocks and scree with their steep beds of withered heather made dark scrawls and scratches on the white; the smoke from the farmhouses rose bluish against the snowy wall of fell; and the river, amid the silence of the muffled roads and paths, seemed the only audible thing in the valley.

In the tiny churchyard the new-made grave had been filled in with frozen earth, and on the sods lay flowers, piled there by Rose Flaxman's kind and busy hands. She and Hugh had arrived from the south that morning.

Another visitor had come from the south, also to lay flowers on that wintry grave. Stephen Barron's dumb pain was bitter to see. The silence of spiritual and physical exhaustion in which Meynell had been wrapped since the morning of the inquest was first penetrated and broken up by the sight of Stephen's anguish. And in the attempt to comfort the younger, the elder man laid hold on some returning power for himself.

But he had been hard hit; and the depth of the wound showed itself strangely—in a kind of fear of love itself, a fear of Mary! Meynell's attitude towards her during these days was almost one of shrinking. The atmosphere between them was electrical; charged with things unspoken, and a conflict that must be faced.

The day after Hester's funeral the newspapers were full of the sentence delivered on the preceding day, in the Arches Court, on Meynell and his co-defendants. A telegram from Darwen the evening before had conveyed the news to Meynell himself.

The sentence of deprivation *ab officio et beneficio* in the Church of England, on the ground of heretical opinion and unauthorised services, had been expressed by the Dean of Arches in a tone and phraseology of considerable vehemence. According to him, the proceedings of the Modernists were 'as contrary to morality as to law,' and he marvelled how 'honest men' could consent to occupy the position of Meynell and his friends.

Notice of appeal to the Privy Council was at once given by the Modernist counsel; stay of execution was applied for and granted; and a further flame of discussion arose throughout England.

Meanwhile, on the morning following the publication of the judgment, Meynell finished a letter, and took it into the dining-



room, where Rose and Mary were sitting. Rose, reading his face, disappeared, and he put the letter into Mary's hands.

It was addressed to the Bishop of Dunchester. The great gathering in Dunchester Cathedral, after several postponements to match the delays in the Court of Arches, was to take place within a fortnight from this date, and Meynell had been everywhere announced as the preacher of the sermon, which was to be the battle-cry of the Movement, in the second period of its history—the period of open revolt, of hot and ardent conflict.

The letter which Mary was invited to read was short. It simply asked that the writer should be relieved from a task he felt he could not adequately carry out. He desired to lay it down, not for his own sake, but for the sake of the cause. 'I am not the man, and this is not my job. This conviction has been borne in upon me during the last few weeks with an amazing clearness. I will only say that it seems to represent a command—a prohibition—laid upon me, which I cannot ignore. There are of course tragic happenings and circumstances connected with it, my dear Lord, on which I will not dwell. The effect of them at present on my mind is that I wish to retire from a public and prominent part in our great movement; at any rate for a time. I shall carry through the Privy Council appeal; but except for that, I intend to refuse all public appearances. When the sentence is confirmed, as of course it will be, it will be best for me to confine myself to thinking and writing in solitude, and behind the scenes. "They also serve who only stand and wait." The quotation is hackneyed, but it must serve. Through thought and self-proving, I believe that in the end I shall help you best. I am not the fighter I thought I was: the fighter that I ought to be, to keep the position that has been so generously given me. Forgive me for a while if I go into the wilderness—a rather absurd phrase, however, as you will agree, when I tell you that I am soon to marry a woman whom I love with my whole heart. But it applies to my connection with the Modernist Movement, and to my position as a leader. My old friends, and colleagues—many of them at least—will, I fear, blame the step I am taking. It will seem to them a mere piece of flinching and cowardice. But each man's soul is in his own keeping; and he alone can judge his own powers.'

The letter then became a quiet discussion of the best man to be chosen in the writer's stead, and passed on into a review

of the general situation created by the sentence of the Court of Arches.

But of these later pages of the letter Mary realised nothing. She sat with it in her hands, after she had read the passage which has been quoted, looking down, her mouth trembling.

Meynell watched her uneasily—then came to sit by her, and took her hand.

‘Dearest!—you understand?’ he said, entreatingly.

‘It is—because of Hester?’ She spoke with difficulty.

He assented, and then added—

‘But that letter—shall only go with your permission.’

She took courage. ‘Richard, you know so much better than I, but—Richard!—did you ever neglect Hester?’

He tried to answer her question truly.

‘Not knowingly.’

‘Did you ever fail to love her, and try to help her?’

He drew a long breath.

‘But there she lies!’ He raised his head. Through the window, on a rocky slope, half a mile away, could be seen the tiny church of Long Whindale, and the little graveyard round it.

‘It is very possible that I see the thing morbidly—’ he turned to her again with a note of humility, of sad appeal, that struck most poignantly on the woman’s heart—‘but I cannot resist it. What use can I be to any human being as guide, or prophet, or counsellor—if I was so little use to her? Is there not a kind of hypocrisy—a dismal hypocrisy—in my claim to teach—or inspire—great multitudes of people—when this one child—who was given into my care—’

He wrung her hands in his, unable to finish his sentence.

Bright tears stood in her eyes; but she persevered. She struck boldly for the public, the impersonal note. She set against the tragic appeal of the dead, the equally tragic appeal of the living. She had in her mind the memory of that London church, with the strained upturned faces, the ‘hungry sheep,’—girls among them, perhaps, in peril like Hester, men assailed by the same vile impulses that had made a brute of Philip Meryon. During the preceding months Mary’s whole personality had developed with great rapidity, after a somewhat taciturn and slowly ripening youth. The need, enforced upon her by love itself, of asserting herself even against the mother

she adored; the shadow of Meynell's cloud upon her, and her suffering under it, during the weeks of slander; and now this rending tragedy at her doors—had tempered anew the naturally high heart and firm will. At this critical moment, she saved Meynell from a fatal step by the capacity she showed of loving his cause, only next to himself. And, indeed, Meynell was made wholesomely doubtful once or twice, whether it were not in truth his cause she loved in him. For the sweet breakdowns of love which were always at her lips she banished by a mighty effort, till she should have won or lost. Thus throughout she showed herself her mother's daughter—with her father's thoughts.

It was long, however, before she succeeded in making any real impression upon him. All she could obtain at first was delay, and that Catharine should be informed.

As soon as that had been done, the position became once more curiously complex. Here was a woman, to whom the whole Modernist movement was anathema, driven finally into argument for the purpose of compelling the Modernist leader, the contriver and general of Modernist victory, to remain at his post!

For it was part of Catharine's robust character to look upon any pledge, any accepted responsibility, as something not to be undone by any mere feeling, however sharp, however legitimate. You had undertaken the thing, and it must, at all costs, be carried through. That was the dominant habit of her mind; and there were persons connected with her on whom the rigidity of it had at times worked harshly.

On this occasion it was no doubt interfered with—(the Spirit of Comedy would have found a certain high satisfaction in the dilemma!)—by the fact that Meynell's persistence in the course he had entered upon must be, in her eyes, and *sub specie religionis*, a persistence in heresy and unbelief. What decided it ultimately, however, was that she was not only an orthodox believer, but a person of great common sense—and Mary's mother.

Her natural argument was that, after the tragic events which had occurred, and the public reports of them which had appeared, Meynell's abrupt withdrawal from public life would once more unsettle and confuse the public mind. If there had been any change in his opinions—

'Oh! do not imagine—' she turned a suddenly glowing face upon him—'I should be trying to dissuade you, if that were your reason. No!—it is for personal and private reasons you shrink from the responsibility of leadership. And that being so, what must the world say?—the ignorant world that loves to think evil?'

He looked at her a little reproachfully.

'Those are not arguments that come very naturally from you!'

'They are the right ones!—and I am not ashamed of them. My dear friend—I am not thinking of you at all. I leave you out of count; I am thinking of Alice—and—Mary!'

Catharine unconsciously straightened herself, a touch of something resentful—nay, stern—in the gesture. Meynell stared in stupefaction.

'Alice!—*Mary!*' he said.

'Up to this last proposed action of yours, has not everything that has happened gone to soften people's hearts; to make them repent doubly of their scandal, and their false witness? Everyone knows the truth now—everyone who cares; and everyone understands. But now—after the effort that poor Alice has made—after all that she and you have suffered—you insist on turning fresh doubt and suspicion on yourself, your motives, your past history. Can't you see how people may gossip about it—how they may interpret it? You have no right to do it, my dear Richard!—no right whatever. Your "good report" belongs not only to yourself—but—to Mary!'

Catharine's breath had quickened; her hand shook upon her knee. Meynell rose from his seat, paced the room, and came back to her.

'I have tried to explain to Mary—' he said, desperately,— 'that I should feel myself a hypocrite and pretender in playing the part of a spiritual leader—when this great—failure—lay upon my conscience.'

At that Catharine's tension gave way. Perplexity returned upon her.

'Oh! if it meant—if it meant—' she looked at him with a sudden, sweet timidity—'that you felt you had tried to do for Hester what only grace—what only a living Redeemer—could do for her—'

She broke off. But at last, as Meynell, her junior by fifteen years,—her son almost—looked down into her face,—her frail, ageing, illumined face,—there was something in the passion of her faith which challenged and roused his own; which for the moment, at any rate, and for the first time since the crisis had arisen, revived in him the 'fighter' he had tried to shed.

'The fault was not in the thing preached,' he said, with a groan; 'or so it seems to me—but in the preacher. The preacher—was unequal to the message.'

Catharine was silent. And after a little more pacing he said in a more ordinary tone—and a humble one—

'Does Mary share this view of yours?'

At this Catharine was almost angry.

'As if I should say a word to her about it! Does she know—has she ever known—what you and I knew?'

His eyes, full of trouble, propitiated her. He took her hand and kissed it.

'Bear with me, dear Mother! I don't see my way; but Mary—is to me—my life. At any rate, I won't do in a hurry what you disapprove.'

Thus a little further delay was gained. The struggle lasted indeed another couple of days, and the aspect of both Meynell and Mary showed deep marks of it by the end. Throughout it Mary made little or no appeal to the mere womanly arts. And perhaps it was the repression of them that cost her most.

On the third day of discussion, while the letter still lay unposted in Meynell's writing-case, he went wandering by himself up the valley. The weather was soft again, and breathing spring. The streams ran free; the buds were swelling on the sycamores; and, except on the topmost crags, the snow had disappeared from the fells. Harsh and austere the valley was still; the winter's grip would be slow to yield; but the turn of the year had come.

That morning a rush of correspondence forwarded from Upcote had brought matters to a crisis. On the days immediately following the publication of the evidence given at the inquest on Hester, the outside world had made no sign. All England knew now why Richard Meynell had disappeared from the Arches trial, only to become again the prey of an enormous publicity, as one of the witnesses to the finding and the perishing of his young ward. And after Alice Puttenham's statement in

the Coroner's Court, for a few days the England interested in Richard Meynell simply held its breath and let him be.

But he belonged to the public; and after just the brief respite that decency and sympathy imposed, the public fell upon him. The Arches verdict had been given; the appeal to the Privy Council had been lodged. With every month of the struggle, indeed, as the Modernist attack had grown more determined, and its support more widespread, so the orthodox defence had gathered force and vehemence. Yet through the length and breadth of the country the Modernist petition to Parliament was now kindling such a fire as no resistance could put out. Debate in the House of Commons on the Modernist proposals for Church Reform would begin after Easter. Already every member of the House was being bombarded from both sides by his constituents. Such a heat of religious feeling, such a passion of religious hope and fear, had not been seen in England for generations.

And meanwhile Meynell, whose action had first released the great forces at work, who as a leader was now doubly revered, doubly honoured by those who clamoured to be led by him, still felt himself utterly unable to face the struggle. Heart and brain were the prey of a deadly discouragement; the will could make no effort; his confidence in himself was lamed and helpless. Not even the growing strength and intensity of his love for Mary could set him, it seemed, spiritually, on his feet.

He left the old bridge on his left and climbed the pass. And as he walked, some words of Newman possessed him; breathed into his ear through all the wind and water voices of the valley:—

*Thou to wax fierce  
In the cause of the Lord  
To threat and to pierce  
With the heavenly sword!  
Anger and Zeal  
And the Joy of the brave  
Who bade thee to feel—*

Dejectedly, he made his way along the fatal path; he found the ruin where Hester had sheltered; he gradually identified the route which the rescue party had taken along the side of the fell; and the precipitous scree where they had found her. The freshly disturbed earth and stones still showed plainly where

she had fallen, and where he and the shepherds had stood, trampling the ground round her. He sat down beside the spot, haunted by the grim memory of that helpless, bleeding form amid the snow. Not yet nineteen!—disgraced—ruined—the young body broken in its prime. Had he been able to do no better for Neville's child than that? The load of responsibility crushed him; and he could not resign himself to such a fate for such a human being. Before him, on the chili background of the fells, he beheld, perpetually, the two Hesters: here, the radiant, unmanageable child, clad in the magic of her teasing, provocative beauty; there, the haggard and dying girl, violently wrenched from life. Religious faith was paralysed within him. How could he—a man so disowned of God—prophesy to his brethren? . . .

Thus there descended upon him the darkest hour of his history. It was simply a struggle for existence on the part of all those powers of the soul that make for action, against the forces that make for death and inertia.

It lasted long; and it ended in the slow and difficult triumph, the final ascendancy of the 'Yeas' of Life over the 'Nays,' which in truth his character secured. He won the difficult fight not as a philosopher, but as a Christian; impelled, chastened, brought into line again by purely Christian memories and Christian ideas. The thought of Christ healed him; gradually gave him courage to bear an agony of self-criticism, self-reproach, that was none the less overwhelming because his calmer mind, looking on, knew it to be irrational. There was no prayer to Christ, no 'Christe eleison' on his lips. But there was a solemn kneeling by the Cross; a solemn opening of the mind to the cleansing and strengthening forces that flow from that life and death which are Christendom's central possession; the symbol through which, now understood in this way, now in that, the Eternal speaks to the Christian soul.

So amid 'the cheerful silence of the fells' a good man, heavily, took back his task. From this wreck of affection, this ruin of hope, he must go forth to preach love and hope to other men; from the depths of his grief and his defeat he must summon others to struggle and victory.

He submitted.

Then—not till then—naked and stripped as he was of all personal complacency; smarting under the conviction of personal



weakness and defeat; tormented still, as he would ever be, by all the 'might have beens' of Hester's story, he was conscious of the 'supersensual moment,' the inrush of Divine strength, which at some time or other rewards the life of faith.

On his way back to Burwood through the gleams and shadows of the valley, he turned aside to lay a handful of green moss on the new-made grave. There was a figure beside it. It was Mary, who had been planting snowdrops. He helped her, and then they descended to the main road together. Looking at his face, she hardly dared, close as his hand clung to hers, to break the silence.

It was dusk, and there was no one in sight. In the shelter of a group of trees he drew her to him.

'You have your way,' he said, sadly.

She trembled a little, her delicate cheek close against his.

'Have I persecuted you?'

He smiled.

'You have taught me what the strength of my wife's will is going to be.'

She winced visibly, and the tears came into her eyes.

'Dearest!—' he protested—'Must you not be strong? But for you—I should have gone under.'

The primitive instinct of the woman in this hour of painful victory would have dearly liked to disavow her own power. The thought of ruling her beloved was odious. Yet as they walked on hand in hand, the modern in Mary prevailed, and she must needs accept the equal rights of a love which is also life's supreme friendship.

A few more days Meynell spent in the quiet of the valley, recovering, as best he could, and through a struggle and an anguish constantly renewed, some normal steadiness of mood and nerve; dealing with an immense correspondence; and writing the Dunchester sermon; while Stephen Barron, who had already resigned his own living, was looking after the Upcote Church and parish. Meanwhile Alice Puttenham lay upstairs in one of the little white rooms of Burwood, so ill that the doctors would not hear of her being moved. Edith Fox-Wilton had proposed to come and nurse her, in spite of 'this shocking business which has disgraced us all.' But Catharine at Alice's entreaty had merely appealed to the indisputable fact that the

tiny house was already more than full. There was no danger, and they had a good trained nurse.

Once or twice it was, in these days, that, again, a few passing terrors ran through Mary's mind on the subject of her mother. The fragility which had struck Meynell's unaccustomed eye when he first arrived in the valley forced itself now at times, though only at times, on her reluctant sense. There were nights when, without any definite reason, she could not sleep for anxiety. And then again the shadow entirely passed away. Catharine laughed at her; and when the moment came for Mary to follow Meynell to the Dunchester meeting it was impossible even for her anxious love to persuade itself that there was good reason for her to stay away.

Before Meynell departed southwards there was a long conversation between him and Alice; and it was at her wish, to which he now finally yielded, that he went straight to Markborough to an interview with Bishop Craye.

In that interview the Bishop learnt at last the whole story of Hester's birth and of her tragic death. The beauty of Meynell's relation to the mother and child was plainly to be seen through a very reticent narrative; and to the tale of those hours in Long Whindale no man of heart like the little Bishop could have listened unmoved. At the end the two men clasped hands in silence; and the Bishop looked wistfully at the priest that he and the diocese were so soon to lose.

For the rest, as before, they met as equals, curiously congenial to each other, in spite of the battle in front. The Bishop's certainty of victory was once more emphatically shown by the friendly ease with which he still received his rebellious incumbent. Any agreeable outsider of whatever creed—Renan or Loisy or Tyrrell—might have been thus welcomed at the Palace. It was true that till the appeal was decided Meynell remained formally Rector of Upcote Minor. The church and the parish were still in his hands; and the Bishop pointedly made no reference to either. But a very few weeks now would see Meynell's successor installed and the parish reduced to order.

Such at least was the Bishop's confidence, and in the position in which he found himself—with seven Modernist evictions pending in his diocese, and many more than seven recalcitrant parishes to deal with, he was not the man to make needless friction.

In Meynell's view, indeed, the Bishop's confidence was excessive; and the triumph of the orthodox majority in the Church, if indeed it were to triumph, was neither so near nor likely to be so complete as the Bishop believed. He had not yet been able to resume all the threads of leadership, but he was clear that there had been no ebbing whatever of the Modernist tide. On the contrary, it seemed to him that the function at Dunchester might yet ring through England and startle even such an optimist as Bishop Craye.

The next few days he spent among his own people and with the Flaxmans. The old red sandstone church of Upcote Minor was closely packed on Sunday; and the loyalty of the parish to their Rector, their answer to the Arches judgment, was shown in the passion, the loving intelligence with which every portion of the beautiful Modernist service was followed by an audience of working men and women gathered both from Upcote itself and from the villages round, who knew very well—and gloried in the fact—that from their midst had started the flame now running through the country. Many of them had been trained by Methodism, and were now returning to the Church that Wesley had been so loth to leave. 'The Rector's changed summat,' said men to each other, puzzled by that aspect—that unconscious aspect—of spiritual dignity that falls like a robe of honour, as life goes on, about the Knights of the Spirit. But they knew, at least from their newspapers, how and when that beautiful girl who had grown up from a child in their midst had perished; they remembered the winter months of calumny and persecution; and their rough kind hearts went out to the man who was so soon, against their will and their protest, to be driven out from the church where for twenty years he had preached to his people a Christ they could follow and a God they could adore.

The week passed, and the Dunchester meeting was at hand. Meynell was to spend the night before the great service with the old Bishop, against whom—together with the whole of his chapter—Privy Council action was now pending. Mary was to be the guest of one of the Canons in the famous Close.

Meynell arrived to find the beautiful old town in commotion. As a protest against the Modernist demonstration, all the students from a famous Theological College in a neighbouring diocese under a High Church bishop had come over to attend

a rival service in the second church of the town, where the congregation was to be addressed 'on this outrage to our Lord' by one of the ablest and most saintly of the orthodox leaders—the Rev. Cyril Fenton, of the Markborough diocese—soon, it was rumoured, to be appointed to a Canonry of St. Paul's. The streets were full of rival crowds, jostling each other. Three hundred Modernist clergy were staying in or near the town; the old Cathedral city stared at them amazed; and from all parts had come, besides, the lay followers of the new Movement thronging to a day which represented for them the first fruits of a harvest, whereof not they perhaps, but their children, would see the full reaping.

On the evening before the function Meynell went into the Cathedral with Mary just as the lengthening March afternoon was beginning to wane. They stepped through the western doors set open to the breeze and the sunshine into a building all opal and ebony, faintly flooded with rose from the sky without; a building of infinite height and majesty, where clustered columns of black marble, incredibly light, upheld the richness of the bossed roof, where every wall was brodered history, where every step was on 'the ruined sides of Kings,' and the gathered fragments of ancient glass, jewels themselves, let through a jewelled light upon the creamy stone.

For the first time, since Hester's death, Meynell's sad face broke into joy. The glorious church appeared to him as the visible attestation of the Divine creative life in men, flowing on endlessly from the Past through the Present to the unknown Future.

From the distance came a sound of chanting. They walked slowly up the nave, conscious of a strange tumult in the pulse, as though the great building with its immemorial history were half lending itself to, half resisting, the emotion that filled them. In the choir a practice was going on. Some thirty young clergy were going through the responses and canticles of the new service book, with an elder man, also in clerical dress, directing them. At the entrance of the southern choir aisle stood the senior verger of the Cathedral in his black gown—open-mouthed and motionless, listening to the strange sounds.

Meynell and Mary knelt for a moment of impassioned prayer and then sat down to listen. Through the fast darkening church, chanted by half the choir, there stole those words of noblest poetry:

'A new commandment—a new commandment—I give unto you . . . To be answered by the voices on the other side :—  
'That ye love—ye love one another!'

And again :—

'I have called you friends. Ye are my friends'—

With the reply :—

'If ye do the things which I command you.'

And yet again :—

'The words that I speak unto you : '—

'They—they are spirit; and they are life!'

A moment's silence, before all the voices, gathering into one harmony, sent the last versicle ringing through the arches of the choir, and the springing tracery of the feretory, and of the Lady Chapel beyond.

'Lord to whom shall we go?—Thou—thou hast the words of eternal life!'

'Only a few days or weeks,' murmured Meynell, as they passed out into the evening light, 'and we two—and those men singing there—shall be outcasts and wanderers, perhaps for a time, perhaps while we live. But to-day—and to-morrow—we are still children in the house of our fathers—sons, not slaves!—speaking the free speech of our own day in these walls, as the men who built them did in theirs. That joy at least no one shall take from us!'

At that 'sad word Joy' Mary slipped her hand into his, and so they walked silently through the Close towards the Palace, pursued by the rise and fall of the music from within.

The great service was over, with its bold adaptation of the religious language of the past, the language which is wrought into the being of Christendom, to the needs and the knowledge of the present. And now Meynell had risen, and was speaking to that thronged nave, crowded by men and women of many types and many distinctions, with that mingling of passion and simplicity which underlies success in all the poetic arts, and, first and foremost, the art of religious oratory. The sermon was to be known in after-years by the name of 'The Two Christianities'—and became one of the chief landmarks or, rather, rallying cries of the Modernist cause. Only some fragments of it can be suggested here; one passage, above all, that

Mary's brooding memory will keep close and warm to her life's end.

' . . . Why are we here, my friends? For what purpose is this great demonstration, this moving rite in which we have joined this day? One-sixth at least of this congregation stands here under a sentence of ecclesiastical death. A few weeks perhaps and this mighty church will know its white-haired Bishop no more. Bishop and chapter will have been driven out; and we, the rank and file, whose only desire is to cling to the Church in which we were baptized and bred, will find ourselves exiles and homeless.

' What is our crime? This only—that God has spoken in our consciences, and we have not been able to resist Him. Nor dare we desert our posts in the National Church till force drive us out. Why? Because there is something infinitely greater at stake than any reproach that can be hurled at us on the ground of broken pledges; pledges made too early, given in ignorance and good faith, and broken now, solemnly, in the face of God and this people—for a greater good. What does our personal consistency—which, mind you, is a very different thing from personal honesty!—matter? We are as sensitive as any man who attacks us on the point of personal honour. But we are constrained of God; we bear in our hands the cause of our brethren, the cause of half the nation; and we can no other. Ask yourselves what we have to gain by it. Nay!—With expulsion and exile in sight—with years perhaps of the wilderness before us—we stand here for the liberties of Christ's Church!—its liberties of growth and life. . . .

' My friends, what is the life either of intellect or spirit but the response of man to the communication of God? Age by age, man's consciousness cuts deeper into the vast mystery that surrounds us; absorbs, transmutes, translates ever more of truth, into conceptions he can use and language he can understand.

' From this endless process arise science—and history—and philosophy. But just as science, and history, and philosophy change with this ever-living and growing advance, so religion—man's ideas of God and his own soul.

' Within the last hundred years man's knowledge of the physical world has broadened beyond the utmost dreams of our fathers. But of far greater importance to man is his knowledge

of himself. There, too, the century of which we are now the heirs has lifted the veil—for us first among living men—from secrets hitherto unknown. HISTORY has come into being.

‘What is history? Simply the power—depending upon a thousand laborious processes—of constructing a magic lens within the mind which allows us to look deep into the past, to see its life and colour and movement again, as no generation but our own has yet been able to see it. We hold our breath sometimes, as for a brief moment perhaps we catch its very gesture, its very habit as it lived, the very tone of its voices. It has been a new and marvellous gift of our God to us; and it has transformed or is transforming Christianity.

‘Like science, this new discipline of the human mind is Divine and authoritative. It lessens the distance between our human thought and the thought of God, because in the familiar phrase it enables us to “think, in some sort, His thoughts after Him.” Like science it marches slowly on its way; through many mistakes; through hypothesis and rectification; through daring vision and laborious proof; to an ever-broadening certainty. History has taken hold of the Christian tradition. History has worked upon it with an amazing tenderness and patience and reverence. And at the end of a hundred years what do we see?—that half of Christendom, at least, which we in this church represent?

‘We see a Christ stripped of Jewish legend, and Greek speculation, and medieval scholasticism; moving simply and divinely among the ways of His Jewish world, a man among men. We can watch, dimly indeed by comparison with our living scrutiny of living men, but still more clearly than any generation of Christendom since the disappearance of the first has been able to watch the rise of His thoughts, the nature of His environment, the sequence of His acts, the original significance, the immediate interpretation, the subsequent influence of His death. We know much more of Jesus of Nazareth than the fathers of Nicæa knew; probably than St. Paul knew; certainly than Irenæus or Clement knew.

‘But that is only half the truth; only half of what history has to tell. On the one side we have to do with the recovered fact: on the other with its working through two thousand years upon the world.

‘There, for the Modernist, lies revelation!—in the unfolding of the Christian idea, through the successive stages of human



thought and imagination it has traversed, down to the burst of revelation in the present day. Yet we are only now at the beginning of an immense development. The content of the Christian idea of love—love, self-renouncing, self-fulfilling—is infinite, inexhaustible, like that of beauty, or of truth. Why? At this moment I am only concerned to give you the Christian answer, which is the answer of a reasonable faith. Because, like the streams springing for ever from “the pure founts of Cephisus,” to nourish the swelling plains below, these governing ideas of our life—tested by life, confirmed by life—have their source in the very being of God, sharers in His Eternity, His Ever-Fruitfulness. . . .

‘But even so, you have not exhausted the wealth of Christianity. For to the potency of the Christian idea is added the magic of an incomparable embodiment in human circumstance. The story of Jesus bears the idea which it enshrines eternally through the world. It is to the idea as the vessel of the Grail.

‘. . . Do these conceptions make us love our Master less? Ask your own hearts. There must be many in this crowded church that have known sorrow—intolerable anguish and disappointment—gnawing self-reproach—during the past year, or months, or weeks; many that have watched sufferings which no philosophic optimism can explain, and catastrophes that leave men dumb. Some among them will have been driven back upon their faith—driven to the foot of the Cross. Through all intellectual difference, has not the natural language of their fathers been also their language? Is there anything in their changed opinions which has cut them off from that sacrifice

Renewed in every pulse,  
That on the tedious Cross  
Told the long hours of death, as, one by one,  
The life-strings of that tender heart gave way?

‘Is there anything in this new compelling knowledge that need—that does—divide *us*—whose consciences dare not refuse it—from the immortal triumph of that death? In our sharpest straits are we not comforted and cleansed and sustained by the same thoughts, the same visions, that have always sustained and comforted the Christian? No!—the sons of tradition and dogma have no monopoly in the exaltation, the living passion of the Cross! We, too, watching that steadfastness grow steadfast; bowed before that innocent suffering, grow patient; drinking in

the wonder of that faith, amid utter defeat, learn to submit and go forward. In us, too, as we behold,—Hope “masters Agony!”—and we follow, for a space at least, with our Master, into the heavenly house, and still our sore hearts before our God.’

Quietly and low, in tones that shook here and there, the words had fallen upon the spellbound church.

Mary covered her eyes. But they saw only the more intently the vision of Hester maimed and dying, and the face of Meynell bending over her.

Then from this intimacy, this sacredness of feeling, the speaker passed gradually and finally into the challenge, the ringing yet brotherly challenge, it was in truth his mission to deliver. The note of battle—honourable, inevitable battle—pealed through the church, and when it ceased the immense congregation rose, possessed by one heat of emotion, and choir and multitude broke into the magnificent Modernist hymn, ‘Christus Rex’—written by the Bishop of the See, and already familiar throughout England.

The service was over. Out streamed the great congregation. The Close was crowded to see them come. Lines of theological students were drawn up there, fresh-faced boys in round collars and long black coats, who, as the main body of the Modernist clergy approached, began defiantly to chant the Apostles’ Creed. Meynell, with the old yet stately Bishop leaning on his arm, passed them with a friendly, quiet look. He caught sight for a moment of the tall form of Fenton standing at their rear—the long face ascetically white and sternly fixed.

He left the Bishop at the gates of the Palace and went back quickly for Mary. Suddenly he ran into an advancing figure and found his hand grasped by Dornal.

The two men gazed at each other.

‘You were not there?’ said Meynell, wondering.

‘I was.’ Dornal hesitated a moment, and then his blue eyes melted and clouded.

‘And there was one man there—not a Modernist—who grieved, like a Modernist, over the future!’

‘Ah, the future!’ said Meynell, throwing his head back—‘That is not for you or me—not for the bishops, nor for that body which we call the Church—that is for *England* to settle.’

But another meeting remained.

At the parting with Dornal, Meynell turned a corner and saw in front of him, walking alone, a portly gentleman, with a broad and substantial back. A start ran through him. After a moment's hesitation, he began to quicken his steps, and soon overtook the man in question.

Barron—for it was he—stopped in some astonishment, some confusion even, which he endeavoured to hide. Meynell held out his hand—rather timidly; and Barron just touched it.

'I have been attending the service at St. Mathias,' he said, stiffly.

'I imagined so,' said Meynell, walking on beside him, and quite unconscious of the fact that a passing group of clergy opposite were staring across the street in amazement at the juxtaposition of the two men, both well known to them. 'Did it satisfy you?'

'Certainly. Fenton surpassed himself.'

'He has a great gift,' said Meynell, heartily. They moved on in silence, till at last Meynell said, with renewed hesitation—'Will you allow me to inquire after Maurice? I hope your mind is more at ease about him.'

'He is doing well—for the moment.' Another pause—broken by Barron, who said hurriedly, in a different voice,—'I got from him the whole story of the letters. There was nothing deliberate in it. It was a sudden, monkeyish impulse. He didn't mean as much harm by it as another man would have meant.'

'No doubt,' said Meynell, struck with pity, as he looked at the sunken face of the speaker. 'And anyway—bygones are bygones. I hope your daughter is well?'

'Quite well, I thank you. We are just going abroad.'

There was no more to be said. Meynell knew very well that the orthodox party had no room in its ranks, at that moment, for Henry Barron; and it was not hard to imagine what exclusion and ostracism must mean to such a temper. But the generous compunctions in his own mind could find no practical expression; and after a few more words they parted.

Next morning, while every newspaper in the country was eagerly discussing the events at Dunchester, Catharine, in the solitude of Long Whindale, and with a full two hours yet to wait for the carrier who brought the papers from Whinborough,

was pondering letters from Rose and Mary written from Dunchester on the preceding afternoon. Her Prayer-book lay beside her. Before the post arrived she had been reading by herself the Psalms and Lessons, according to the old-fashioned custom of her youth.

The sweetness of Mary's attempt to bring out everything in the Modernist demonstration that might be bearable or even consoling to Catharine, and to leave untold what must pain her, was not lost upon her mother. Catharine sat considering it, in a reverie half sorrow, half tenderness, her thin hands clasped upon the letter.

'Mother, beloved!—Richard and I talked of you all the way back to the Palace; and though there were many people waiting to see him, he is writing to you now; and so am I. Through it all he feels so near to you—and to my father; so truly your son, your most loving son. . . .

'Dearest—I am troubled to hear from Alice this morning that yesterday you were tired and even went to lie down. I know my too Spartan mother doesn't do that without ten times as much reason as other people. Oh! do take care of yourself, my precious one. To-morrow I fly back to you with all my news. And you will meet me with that love of yours which has never failed me, as it never failed my father. It will take Richard and me a lifetime to repay it. But we'll try! . . . Dear love to my poor Alice. I have written separately to her.'

Rose's letter was in another vein:

'Dearest Catharine, it is all over—a splendid show, and Richard has come out of it finely, though I must say he looks at times more like a ghost than a man. From the Church point of view, dear, you were wise not to come, for your feelings must have been sadly mixed, and you might have been compelled to take Privy Council proceedings against yourself. I need not say that Hugh and I felt an ungodly delight in it—in the crowd and the excitement—in Richard's sermon—in the dear, long-nosed old Bishop (rather like a camel, between you and me, but a very saintly one), and in the throng of foolish youths from the Theological College, who seemed to think they settled everything by singing the Creed at us. (What a pity you can't enjoy the latest description of the Athanasian Creed! It is by a Quaker. He compares it to "the guesses of a ten-year-old child at the contents of his father's library." Hugh thinks it good:—but I don't expect you to.)'

Then followed a vivacious account of the day and its happenings.

'And now comes the real tug of war. In a few weeks the poor Modernists will be all camping in tents, it seems, by the wayside. Very touching and very exciting. But I am getting too sleepy to think about it. Dear Cathie—I run on—but I love you. Please keep well. Good-bye.'

Catharine laid the letter down, still smiling against her will over some of its chatter, and unconsciously made happy by the affection that breathed from its pages no less than from Mary's.

Yet certainly she was very tired. She became sharply conscious of her physical weakness as she sat on by the fire, now thinking of her Mary, and now listening for Alice's step upon the stairs. Alice had grown very dear to Catharine, partly for her own sake, and partly because to be in bitter need and helplessness was to be sure of Catharine's tenderness. Very possibly they two, when Mary married, might make their home together. And Catharine promised herself to bring calm at least and loving help to one who had suffered so much.

The window was half open to the first mild day of March; beside it stood a bowl of growing daffodils, and a pot of freesias that scented the room. Outside a robin was singing; the murmur of the river came up through the black buds of the ash-trees; and in the distance a sheep-dog could be heard barking on the fells. So quiet it was—the spring sunshine—and so sweet. Back into Catharine's mind there flowed the memory of her own love-story in the valley; her hand trembled again in the hand of her lover.

Then with a sudden onset her mortal hour came upon her. She tried to move, to call, and could not. There was no time for any pain of parting. For one remaining moment of consciousness there ran through the brain the images, affections, adorations of her life. Swift, incredibly swift, the vision of an opening glory—a heavenly throng! . . . Then the tired eyelids fell, the head lay heavily on the cushion behind it, and in the little room the song of the robin and the murmur of the stream flowed on—unheard.

THE END.

PICTURES OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE, 1843-1844.

BY MRS. THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY

SHORTLY before Christmas 1843, my mother, my half-sister, and myself arrived at Sydney, New South Wales, in one of Messrs. Green's ships, the *Ellenborough*, after a voyage of four and a-half months. Think of it, ye steam-wafted passengers of 1911!

The sail up the harbour was a revelation of beauty. Its fairy-like bays, their low-lying shores sloping to the water's edge, that allured us to explore them, the glorious golden sunshine, the bluest of skies reflected in another heaven in the transparent sea, made up a scene of enchanting beauty beyond all I had ever imagined of loveliness.

My father met us on landing, and at once took us to his friends, Mr. Sea, manager of the Union Bank, Sydney, and his sister, who received us with Colonial warmth. But our Christmas was spent with other English friends of my father's, the Kirkes, who lived on the North Shore, in a picturesque house at the head of one of the harbour's innumerable little bays.

The Kirkes, a delightful elderly couple, had a grown-up family of sons and daughters—frank, warm-hearted, and genial—who, it being holiday-time, were all gathered together in the parent home.

The morning after our arrival I was taken, at 5 A.M., by two of the girls to the bathing-place, a retired and lonely cove, surrounded by yellow-flowering wattles and myrtles with glistening sheen of dark-green leaves. This kind of myrtle showed flower and fruit at the same time. The latter consisted of white wax-like oval berries, with patches of rich red upon them, growing side by side with the delicate white sprays of blossom.

Never before had I seen such beautiful trees, such brilliant sunshine and sapphire sea—so clear that, at thirty feet below, the bed of white sand was visible.

The sharks that infested the harbour did not come up as far as this spot, so in safety we girls disported in the warm

rippling waters that broke into thousands of diamond-points under the great light of an Australian summer. Stepping out of the water we were almost instantly dried by the hot sunshine, even at that early hour. What a paradise seemed this new land to me, long penned up in London streets! Mentally I floated in a heaven of delight.

By nine o'clock the heat was so intense that we girls assembled in a large, uncarpeted room, whose windows to the ground were darkened by closed venetian blinds. Putting on cool white dressing-gowns, we lay about, by preference on the bare floor, and talked and laughed as only girlhood, light-hearted and irresponsible, can do.

On Christmas Day the heat became insufferable, for a hot wind blew—a brickfielder, so called because the wind passed over certain old brickfields, filling every house with fine red dust in spite of closed windows. Well-soaked blankets were hung up against the venetian blinds inside the spacious verandah: the evaporation from them somewhat helped to cool the baked air.

To the verandah every one migrated after dinner, sat in low wicker chairs, and ate our dessert of various fruits. One of them was quite strange to me: the loquat, yellow in colour with brown spots, and overflowing with juice, with medium-sized, black, shiny stones like magnified laburnum-seeds. Bananas were also new to me. Apricots, ripened under a burning sun, were more luscious than English ones. Peaches were so plentiful that they were given in abundance to the pigs.

Surely I had come to an earthly Paradise—but it was holiday-time and all the hard work of life was hidden from my view.

After this delightful visit we returned to Mr. Sea and his sister, who lived in large rooms above the Union Bank. We were very much surprised at the fine shops in George Street and Pitt Street, where French silks and Parisian millinery we found to be far cheaper than they were in London.

A military band played every afternoon in the Domain, the beautiful public garden of the city, exquisitely kept. It was full of magnificent trees and shrubs, native and imported. Here, about four in the afternoon, were gathered together the *élite* of Sydney, many of them in carriages to which were harnessed the finest of horses, incomparably groomed. Pedestrians



would come up and chat with friends in the carriages, arrange picnics or riding parties, and exchange local English news.

A fortnight's enjoyment of our friends' hospitality, and, after they had made us promise to revisit them at some future time, we said good-bye and began our novel and fatiguing journey to our new home.

First my mother, my half-sister, and myself drove in a rough cross-benched cart, yecept 'Her Majesty's Mail,' to the small town of Wollongong, where we changed to a bullock-dray. My father was on horseback from our Sydney start. Most of our luggage and cabin furniture had been sent on by other drays. Into this rough vehicle we clambered, and seated ourselves upon sacks well stuffed with maize husks. Slowly the patient beasts drew us along the seeming lengthening way. From Wollongong to Jamberoo the road was a mere dray-track through a forest of tropical foliage; gum-trees two hundred feet or more in height, gigantic indiarubber trees with broad, shiny, dark-green leaves, lofty cabbage-palms, and many another kind of tree towered above us, so that their tops made a twilight canopy impenetrable to the sunlight, save for an infrequent clearing in the forest made by the settler's axe. Huge lianas, some as thick as a man's arm, hung down snake-like from the trees. Magnificent ferns, clinging to the fork of trunk and branches, were pointed out to me by my father, as affording water in their sponge-like forms during times of drought to thirsty wayfarers.

All was fairyland to me. In my delight I even made fun of the jolting dray, but my poor mother and my sister, the latter weakened by months of sea-sickness, were sorely tried by the rough journey, the former lamenting with tears the day she had ever left England.

From a slope we were descending at the edge of the forest the valley of our future home burst upon our view. Before us lay a wide clear space. The smoke of a steam-engine, the whirr of machinery, and a cluster of wooden buildings welcomed us to an active but primitive life.

We alighted, our limbs stiff with the long journey, and entered our new home, whose rooms were all on the ground floor. It was weather-boarded and shingled, and I think the verandah was painted white. It was a deep latticed verandah, with jalousies to open and shut, that ran the whole front of

the house, stopped by a projecting room at each end. A pleasant-faced, rosy-cheeked, black-eyed Irish girl came forward to show us the way to our rooms. Supper and rest were grateful.

It was several weeks before our other trunks and belongings arrived, amongst them my sister's piano. For some time my mother was very miserable at confronting new conditions of existence. 'Don't fret, Mamma,' I said as she wept; 'it will be such fun!' So speaks youth to age.

By degrees we settled down; my mother grew more reconciled to her surroundings. She amused herself by rearing turkeys and chickens, in which she proved most successful, finding out by experience what was good or bad for them. For instance, she never let the turkeys out of their coops till the dew was off the grass, and before sunset they were again housed. It was not until years afterwards, when I was translating some German papers on 'Intestinal Worms' for a scientific journal, that I discovered the reason for my mother's treatment of the turkeys. All she knew was that unless kept off the grass till the dew had dried they got 'the staggers' and died.

Life was now a joy to me. How pleasant it was to enter the long shed of the saw-mills close by, where the vertical or circular saws in quick movement made a lively whirring noise, as they cut up long trunks of all sorts of trees that had been felled in the bush and dragged hither by the slow, patient oxen. To my fancy these prone trees, cleared of their green boughs, seemed like prisoners suspended in chains who were being slowly drawn up to the place of doom beneath the fateful and relentless teeth of the saw. How delicious and invigorating was the scent of the fresh falling sawdust, in which that of the gums and cedars overruled the tenderer perfume of other trees! It filled the warm, gently moving air with half-pungent aromatic odours from the heart of the woods.

In the evening we often ascended the hill by the dray-track, when a cabbage-palm would be felled. Sitting round it, we would eat the white heart of its crown with salt which we had brought with us. Fancy cutting down that fine column of a cabbage-palm for the sake of its heart! What a splendour of waste!

From sheer necessity I learnt to make my own and my

mother's dresses and her caps, since Sydney, the nearest place where such things could be made, was ninety miles off. The way I set about the business was to buy a piece of stuff at the stores attached to the mills. Then I would unpick a dress brought out from England—which went to my heart, as I had afterwards to put it together again. Each piece I laid upon a linen lining and pricked the shape off with a pin; upon this the new material was placed, tacked and joined to it, and fitted on myself till it satisfied me. The dress completed, never was anyone prouder of a great achievement than I was of my humble one.

Moreover, I papered a small room and made a carpet. When my sister's piano arrived it struck me that one of the little end rooms of the verandah was the very place for it. What a trial was the papering of the walls! for the paper, when pasted for hanging, often parted in my inexperienced hands, and then a fresh length had to be cut and pasted; but patience and determination carried the day, and Norah, the maid, was a most efficient helper. At the store I bought carpeting for the room, rather gay-coloured, but the least flaunting one to be had. I cut it into lengths, sewed it together with strong thread, ironed the seams, and with Norah's help nailed it down. The whole effect of paper and carpet was a success, and great was my satisfaction and pride in it.

My father gave me a horse called Cora. Never shall I forget the delight of my first mount. 'Are you frightened?' he asked. 'Frightened! Not a bit. I seem to have ridden all my life.' I was 'to the manner born,' and perfectly fearless; after a while I could take five-railed fences and huge logs with ease. I must own, however, that on one occasion I was alarmed. Cora had been a stock horse, so that one day, when my sister and I were riding in the bush, the creature, hearing the thrilling sound of the stockman's whip, pricked up her ears and dashed off in wild excitement. I could not hold her in. She carried me into the bush, galloping in and out, past huge trees, through scrub, down deep gullies, up steep banks, chasing and rounding in the strayed cattle, the stockman leading. Some days afterwards I walked over part of this ground, and wondered how I had ever managed to stick to my horse.

The heat in summer compelled us to rise early; I was dressed

by five, often earlier. For amusement I took charge of the dairy, hitherto managed by our cook, Henry, a ticket-of-leave man. Twice a week, before breakfast, I churned twelve pounds of butter. I also made all the bread for the household, the cook heating the brick oven with wood, and when the oven was hot enough he swept out the embers, then pushed in the loaves with a long-handled flat wooden spade. I think I can still smell the scent of the hot baked bread.

On a Friday there was cake-making, when I would invent new combinations of ingredients, and with curiosity await the result. How I wish I had written out the recipes of those good cakes! I could have left both bread and cake-making and butter-churning to our excellent though eccentric cook, but I, being young and energetic, found time very dull, and welcomed employment for myself.

Henry the cook was an original. 'How did you come to be in New South Wales, Henry?' I asked of him one day. 'All along of exploring, Miss.' 'Exploring? I don't understand.' 'Well, this was the way of it, Miss. I was one of a exploring party in a big park one night, and we came upon a house and wanted to see what was inside of it. So in we went, but not by the front door. And whilst we was looking over beautiful silver things there was a noise and a barkin' of dogs—and another exploring party comes in, but they wasn't our friends, and I got away and took a cold bath.' 'A cold bath!' I exclaimed in bewilderment. 'Yes, Miss; a cold bath, and it was in a water-butt quite convenient, and the water was very deep and come up to my chin, and there the enemy found me. The enemy was in uniform, and dragged me out and put bracelets on my wrists, and was very nasty altogether; and I made a voyage with friends of mine right out to this country, and here I am a-cooking for your Pa and Ma and you, Miss, and a-raisin' of ducks and fowls. It ain't such a bad life, after all; but it was a grim one, you bet, before I got my ticket-of-leave.'

This account, interpreted, was that Henry had been caught in England robbing a house at night, and had been sentenced to transportation to New South Wales for seven or fourteen years.

One day Henry was seen by a friend of ours at Kiama,

seven miles from the mills. 'What are you doing here?' said our friend. 'Ought not you to be cooking your master's dinner?' 'Well, that's it; but I just felt I wanted a day off, so I came here to get a taste of freedom. It'll do the old gentleman good to go without his dinner. He's been getting a deal too stout lately.'

On two mornings in the week, at five o'clock, horses were brought round for my sister and myself by one of the men about the place. After drinking some coffee which Norah brought out to us when we had mounted, we rode off to Kiama for the post-bags. Kiama was a wild spot by the sea, possessing a wonderful blow-hole in the rocks. In rough weather the sea would be forced through the cavern with immense force, and thrown up at its outlet some hundred feet high with a noise of thunder. The small settlement could only boast of a few cabbage-tree huts and one weatherboard and most primitive inn kept by a delightful motherly, elderly woman. The ride, always a fearfully hot one in summer, was simply suffocating in a hot wind, when if you chanced to lay your hand upon a fence you instantly drew it away, half-scorched.

Sometimes I would go into the paddock carrying a sieve of corn (corn in Australia always means maize), entice Cora to her shed, and bridle and saddle her. Mounting her, I would set out by myself, cross the creek near by, then on by a remarkably wide rough road. On each side, forming part of it, grew low scrub. Fenced in beyond were clearings in which the crop was apparently charred tree-stumps. In a space by the small unenclosed wooden church felled trees of considerable girth lay about, some very high by reason of their curvature. Over these I used to practise leaping. Cora jumped capitally, but often had a nasty trick of coming to a dead standstill before a log or fence, and then as suddenly taking the leap. Before I got to know her ways I was twice thrown, though I must own that she always stood quite still beside me till I got up again. On one of these occasions I remember finding myself on my back on the ground, still holding the bridle, and saying aloud, 'That was too bad of you, Cora; you don't know how hurt I am!' But I soon recovered, and, not to be vanquished,

jumped several big bowed logs, and restored my self-esteem before turning homewards.

For neighbours we had the doctor and his wife and children, and her sister; three miles off—absurdly near for the bush—some Scotch people also, an elderly couple with two sons and a daughter. The elder son and his father managed the farm. The father on a Sunday conducted a Presbyterian form of service at a rough building used as a church, more than a mile distant from the mills. A creek on the way, which in the rainy season became a swift-flowing river, was crossed by stepping-stones. During December, in the height of summer, it was a weary walk to church under a burning sun. We used to carry a huge water-melon with us, and midway consume the half of it. The remainder we put into a hollow tree-stump, to be eaten on our return journey, always provided that the ants had not found it out and feasted on it first. Delicious indeed were the cool, juicy slices to our thirsty throats!

Mr. Meares, the clergyman from Wollongong, held a Church of England service in this wooden church every few months. He used to sleep at our house for two nights, and we always looked forward to his visits with pleasure, since he was a well-read man and of charming manners. Services were also held by Baptist or Wesleyan ministers, or by members of one of the ranting sects. Some of the latter, coarse in appearance, uncouth in manner, entirely uneducated, with loud voices, gesticulating ludicrously, I positively loathed. As my mind was then fermenting in a sort of pious must—I dare not call it religion—I adjured myself to remember not the man but the office he represented. But this was often more than I could do.

One of the interests I created for myself was to seek out some of the families whom work at the brewery and mills had attracted to settle in the bush close by. I would trudge a mile to one family, and then a mile farther on to another. The first dwelling, a cabbage-tree hut, held a gaunt, red-haired man and his wife, three red-haired, shock-headed children—two little boys and a girl. The father was a dour Irish Orangeman, a strict Presbyterian of Calvinistic leanings. If the man was at home when I called, he would often lead the talk to religious controversy. It was useless to argue with him. The

clinch was for him to go inside the hut and bring out a large, heavy book, 'Scott's Commentaries on the Bible,' and read aloud the notes therein upon the passage he had quoted. This, to his mind, settled the point. Never have I heard a man in his position dispute as cleverly as he did. By contrast, never could I have imagined such absence of intellect as the children showed. It was very hard to get any sense of perception into or out of the heads of the elder children, but Tim, a boy of five, had a brain as dense as ironwood.

To teach him the alphabet, as I sat on a three-legged stool brought out of the hut in my honour, I invented and tried every possible device. First, in a book I pointed out big 'A' and little 'a,' big 'B' and little 'b,' big 'R' and little 'r,' one division at a time. Then with a stick I drew enlarged forms of the letters in the dust. I tried to make the boy see the differences between them—how 'B' drew his foot in, how 'R' threw it out. I took a pair of scissors and cut out the letters in paper; all in vain. The boy's intelligence, if any there were, was by no means quickened by his father's remarks, for he was always present at the lesson if it were after his working hours. Whenever he could he would interrupt with, 'Tim, you rascal, whatever do you be annoying the lady for? The "B" is as plain as a wallaby, and for truth if you don't say "B" when the lady comes all the way to tache you, I'll have the stick of you. I'll make you see the di-vergence betwixt him and "R." Lave him to me, Miss; I'll persuade him.' Then would come a howling from Tim, and I would beg him off, saying we must have patience, it was all so new to him, and so on; although in my heart I felt hopeless of ever teaching Tim the letters, much less of teaching him to read.

A mile beyond my red-haired friends lived a pretty, refined young Irish woman and her husband. He was a woodman, and only once did I catch sight of him. On my first visit I found her in bed, with a baby a day or two old beside her. Her bed-jacket and bed-clothes were exquisitely clean, though she seemed as fragile as a flower, far too weak to work. I looked about for a saucepan, in order to make her some gruel over the wood embers from her stock of oatmeal. 'Don't you be throubling yourself, Miss; you'll be spoiling your illigant frock. Larry gave me a good sup of milk this mornin'. I'll get along



finely till he comes back this evening.' But of course I disregarded her words, and straightway set about making the gruel. A big shallow tin dish with water in it stood on a chair beside her, in which she had been washing the baby—with great difficulty, I am sure. Having cleared things away, I swept the earthen floor, and then sat down beside her and discussed the baby. I often visited her afterwards, and had the satisfaction of seeing her get about again and grow strong. She struck me, with her beautiful face and refined manners, to be one of those gentlewomen whom Nature at times produces, with whom even those 'to the manner born' and well educated cannot always vie, lacking as they often do the innate grace—God-given.

Owing to special circumstances, my youngest half-sister did not accompany us to Sydney, but joined us two months later. It was a curious thing that, when we parted on board the ship at Gravesend, I said, 'I shall not say good-bye, for I am firmly convinced that you will soon follow us.' This I felt strongly, although at the time it seemed to be impossible of fulfilment.

When untoward circumstances arose, my sister turned for help to a wonderful old aunt of mine, who with keen ability for surmounting difficulties united the kindest and most sympathetic of hearts. She arranged everything for my sister, took her passage in a ship for Sydney, and gave her in charge to the captain. My sister was a very pretty brunette, with small, regular features, black eyes, and cheeks the colour of a ripe peach. Amongst the passengers on board ship she made some kind and agreeable friends. A military doctor and his wife asked her to stay with them in Sydney until she could communicate with us. How joyful and triumphant were my feelings when the letter reached us announcing her arrival in Sydney! My father fetched her thence, but not before she had promised her kind friends to pay them a visit later on. She returned to them, and in a very short time she became engaged. The engagement was a short one, and soon after her second home-coming she was followed by her future husband. The wedding took place in a fortnight, and a curious one it was.

The clergyman, Mr. Meares of Wollongong, was to perform the ceremony in the little wooden church across the creek. But

this was not to be. For nearly two weeks there poured down such a tropical rain that the creek on the road to the church became a deep, wildly rushing river, spreading and overflowing the paddocks and country round about. My sister had made an error in stating her age in a certain document, and because of that and of the impossibility of reaching the church a mounted messenger was sent off ninety miles to Sydney, through the downpour of rain, to rectify my sister's mistake, as well as to obtain the Bishop's sanction for the marriage to take place in the house.

At first my mother had had some anxiety about the wedding-breakfast, but by good luck the under-steward of our ship chanced to come along, whom she forthwith engaged to help Henry, our cook. Never was there a better or a prettier wedding-breakfast. Trestles with boards laid across were set in the long verandah. The finest of tablecloths, brought out by my mother from England, was spread upon the impromptu table, and on it was set out most goodly fare of bush turkey, stuffed with thick rump-steak to make it juicy. The breast of this bird—the tenderest part—is very dark, almost black; the legs and wings white, which are not eaten. There were also wanga-wanga pigeons, ducks, roast and boiled salt-beef—mutton was unattainable (it was not a sheep country)—tongue, ham, and fresh-water crayfish, not to mention creams, jellies, and pastry, and a big and most excellent wedding-cake.

All was complete. The clergyman had arrived the previous night, and the messenger who had been despatched to Sydney ten days ago, and whose delay in returning had kept us in unpleasant excitement, was happily back again with the Bishop's dispensation, although, the weather having changed, it was hardly needed. The swollen waters had nearly returned to their usual bounds; an unclouded blue sky and golden sunshine glorified the wedding-day.

Our only guests were the doctor and his wife, and her sister, who came on horseback, and our Scotch friends, who travelled in a bullock-dray. Previous to the arrival of these the bride and bridegroom were married in our little parlour, in the presence of my father and mother, my elder half-sister, and myself. Mr. Meares wound up with an address in which he laid great stress upon avoiding the first quarrel!

Then followed the breakfast. Healths were drunk and

speeches were made? Was there ever a wedding-breakfast without them?

Soon after, the guests departed, and we of the household were left. In the cool of the evening, amidst the hurrahs of the men, who had had a holiday given them and a bucketful of sherry to drink the health of the bride and bridegroom, these two set out on horseback for their seven-mile ride to the little weather-board inn at Kiama, escorted by our Sydney messenger to show them the way.

When my half-sister and her husband had settled down, a few miles out of Sydney, in a pretty house at Cook's River, her own elder sister went to stay with them. Subsequently I paid them a visit. It was to have been for two months, but lengthened out to five years, broken by occasional visits home.

Some two years after I had joined my sister, there arrived in Sydney a ship, the *Rattlesnake*. It had been sent out by the English Government under the command of Captain Owen Stanley, R.N., with officers especially selected for its duty, that of surveying the coasts of Australia, the Louisiade Archipelago, and New Guinea.

At a private dance given to the officers of the *Rattlesnake* I met the assistant-surgeon, an enthusiastic follower of natural science. After a few more meetings we became engaged, and eight years after, during five of which both the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans separated us, we were married in England.

The engagement was truly a long and weary one, but its crowning gift was above all price, that of forty years of happy wedded life.

ODE ON THE TRICENTENARY OF  
CHARTERHOUSE,<sup>1</sup> 1611-1911.

'Lo, dost thou not see that these blessed fathers be now as cheerful going to their deaths as bridegrooms to their marriage!'—*Words attributed to Sir Thomas More, who from his prison in the Tower saw the Carthusians passing to their execution.*

For the promotion of piety and good literature.—*Founder's Prayer.*

DEAR daughter of Light on the warm green hills whose folds  
are fringed with the shining Wey,  
Touched with the first white warning of dawn and brooding late  
on the long-drawn day,  
With eyes turned south to your Mother of old, God's chair of  
rock<sup>2</sup> in a region of cloud,  
Where thunder rumbling round the cliffs and the mountain-  
rill's voice lifted loud  
With muttered litanies mingled once, and whirlwind to whirl-  
wind shrieked yet higher,  
But a still small voice in the brethren's hearts ever followed the  
earthquake and the fire.  
Their name, as white as the robe they wore, was broidered with  
glory of deeds more bold,  
When lean hounds loosed from the kennels of kings waxed fat  
on the weak defenceless fold;  
Meek they of the meek, whose martyr crown with purest honour  
of pearl should shine,  
Because they have chosen that good part, once blessed in Mary  
as more divine;  
And they passed to their doom as a bridegroom goes when hymns  
of rapture herald the bride;  
—Whose age is past and their fancy flown, but their faith and  
their love and their goodness abide.

<sup>1</sup> The three-hundredth anniversary of Thomas Sutton's foundation will be commemorated at Charterhouse in London on the twelfth of December, which is kept as Founder's day. The event was celebrated at the new foundation in Godalming on the eighth of July last.

<sup>2</sup> *Chaire Dieu*: a local name, said by some to be the origin of l'abbaye *Chartreuse*.

How tender the meeting of old and young, when a bird in an  
almshouse builds her nest,  
—Weak wings of fledglings taught to aspire, and frail old bodies  
that find their rest;  
For so he planned it, Sutton the good, and showed the truth in  
a signal deed  
That Youth should minister after his kind to Age according  
unto her need;  
Whose walls arose in a gracious hour when the Gospel of peace  
went forth new-shod,  
And England spake in her own sweet tongue of the law and the  
love and the mercy of God.  
Dear daughter of Light, shall your light not shine, as the glad  
pools gleam in the path of the sun!  
You are born of the pangs of the changing earth; your course is  
the race that the ages run.  
For monk and adventurer, soldier and sage, have passed on  
their way through your ancient doors,  
To follow the Truth that trickles and flows as a young stream  
broadens down from the moors.  
There Addison learned to love the fields, and muse on witty and  
weighty things;  
There Thackeray primed the ruthless pen that knew no mercy  
for clowns or kings;  
There Steele the scholar defied the law, and Leech with the  
finger of laughter drew;  
There Wesley warmed with the fervour of Faith, and Havelock  
grave and manly grew;  
There Crashaw's mystical fancy flamed, and passionate Lovelace  
toyed with song;  
And Grote looked into the past and learned that a tyrant's right  
is a people's wrong.  
Dear Mother of Life, shall your life not bud as a primrose born  
in the first faint spring,  
—Spread wide and warm as the autumn moors aglow with the  
glory of gorse and ling,  
—Grow great in compass and height and power as the hills that  
girdle your seat divine  
From Selborne Hanger to Leith's long stair, blue Hindhead  
ridge to the Down's white line.

O born in the bright resurgent prime when a vernal gladness  
thrilled the earth,  
Lost freedom leapt at thy quickening hour and knowledge awoke  
at the noise of thy birth,  
When a spell was loosed from the fettered tongue of Greece  
whose body was not yet free,  
And Man, the heir of the lettered past, bade yield the title of  
land and sea.  
Then the sun of Shakespeare passed from cloud and mellowed to  
setting in milder rays,  
And Milton beheld with eyes undimmed a world not fallen on  
evil days.  
Rich was thy treasure, a gift divine, O thou conceived in a  
golden shower;  
And now the rumour of some new birth gives beacon-promise of  
light and power.  
Three centuries pass : through the gloom of the night a stead-  
fast hour-hand upward climbs,  
Till sudden the silvery echoes awake, old rafters tremble and  
rock to the chimes;  
The lone hour tolls, and muffled in grey the silent minutes creep  
out towards morn;  
—O human hearts, awake and arise, the best of the ages of  
Earth is born.  
O Mother of Youth, let youth bow down and bring rich gifts to  
the babe's bedside;  
'Tis Nature has travailed, a last best birth; 'tis the world's new  
sowing and reaping tide.  
Carthusian Mother, thou honoured of kings, be honoured of all  
who England love;  
Bow down thine head to the earth below, lift up thine eyes to the  
heavens above;  
As he first willed it, our founder the wise, let knowledge and  
piety join their hands :  
Let feet that wander and hands that work be espoused to the  
spirit that understands.  
Forget not Nature, the Mother of men, for such is the will of  
the Founder of all;  
Learn thou of all things that on earth have life, since nothing  
unmarked of His eyes may fall.

Let Youth from thy fortunate groves and fields to the wounded  
that faint in the waste outside  
Bring healing balm of the love that springs from faith in one  
boy-brotherhood wide,  
And light of heart with the world at his feet, yet not too care-  
less whither it roll,  
Guide on till haply its restless round shall cease to wander and  
find a goal.  
O Mother, our fate and our future thou art, then lead us,—the  
hour and the call are thine,  
Till Nature and Grace be no more twain, but man's love one with  
the Love divine.

GUY KENDALL.



### A TALE OF THE STAFF COLLEGE.

THE course of instruction at that well-known abode of learning, the Staff College, has not always been framed on the same progressive and practical lines as in the present day. There was a time when examinations played a most obtrusive part in the curriculum. There was a time within the memory of many soldiers still serving when expulsion, consequent on failure to satisfy the examiners at the end of the year, was the horizon of the weaker vessels amongst the students, and when efforts to commit an assortment of useless facts to mind was their foreground. It is a strenuous institution now, and it was a strenuous institution then—only strenuous in a different way. That at all events was the experience of Penddleton.

Penddleton had persuaded himself, and had nearly succeeded in persuading his wife, that he was going to be called upon to withdraw from the College within a few months. He plodded on with that stubborn tenacity which the Anglo-Saxon race claims as a monopoly; but he plodded on without hope. He spent his days and great part of his nights in striving to charge his memory with information which under no conceivable circumstances could be of the slightest use to him in, or out of, an examination hall.

'It's all very well for you to talk,' he retorted upon his next-door neighbour, Blagden-Biggs, who had passed in second, and for whom examinations had no terrors; 'you're up to that confounded dodge of deducing lessons from things. I'm no good at that sort of rot. All I can do is to mug up details.' He became nervous and irritable, and depressed. Then, one afternoon, poor little Dickie Penddleton got his feet in a tangle and rolled down four steps of stairs and howled, whereupon 'Daddy,' emerging from the den where he was endeavouring to interpret the meaning of a cryptic message in that fascinating work 'The Manual of Military Topography,' seized his son and heir, and nobody knows what might have happened had not Mrs. Penddleton arrived in the very nick of time to carry the victim off and to comfort him with delusive promises of apocry-

phal sweets. That same afternoon Mrs. Penddleton confided to a friend who had come to call that she was getting a little anxious about her husband.

It was on the very next morning after the occurrence of this distressing domestic event that Penddleton rushed out of his dressing-room on to the landing, with his face all over blood and soap, and a razor in his hand, and nearly frightened Eliza, the maid, into fits.

'There's a man down the well at the back of the house!' he shouted, and he waved his arms frantically to give force to his burning words. Mrs. Penddleton, issuing from her apartment with a disordered *chevelure*, and in what she afterwards described as her 'stockinged feet,' grasped the situation in an instant.

'Do take care with the razor, darling,' she cooed, as she seized Penddleton by the wrist. 'There, that's better, let me have it. Now then, you must come and lie down for a little. Dear old man, you quite startled me!'

'But there's a man down the——' began Penddleton.

'Yes, yes, it will be all right in a moment when you lie down. That's more like yourself. No, no, lie quite still!'—she was by this time sponging his face and was not a little reassured to find that the blood was issuing from an abrasion near his left cheek bone, and not from the region of the throat. She was, however, firmness personified. Whenever Penddleton tried to get out, 'There's a man d——' she placed the sponge gently over his mouth, and by sheer tact and determination she at last succeeded in reducing him to silence. Then, satisfied that he was under control, she bustled over to where Eliza was gathered up in a corner, with her eyes starting out of her head from delight and horror.

'Stop here and don't take your eyes off him!' she hissed in the damsel's ear. 'I'll be back in an instant.' She wiped up her hair into a bunch, slipped on a pair of shoes, plunged into her long waterproof which reached nearly to the ground, and ran round to the Blagden-Biggs'.

Blagden-Biggs was out on his doorstep wishing to goodness that Evie would come down and give him his breakfast. It was all jolly fine, you know, but this sort of thing was all my eye! Of course Evie was right to make herself smart before coming down. And she looked regular slap-up, with that rummy pink

thing stuffed into the side of her head. And there wasn't another woman in Camberley could pour tea out of that infernal teapot with a kink in the spout without making the very devil's own mess all over the place—the one that cataleptic old image, her Aunt Margaret, had given her as a wedding present, with the cheque for the 'tenner' inside which had not been discovered till the maid emptied out the tea-leaves after the first brew, six weeks later. She was a little ripper, Evie—but hang it all! A fellow did want his grub of a morning, especially when he had got to listen to that old impostor 'Wearie Willie' talking drivell for three quarters of an hour about the defences of Plevna, or Vicksburg, or some such—'Good Lord! Mrs. Penddleton. What's up?' In a few staccato sentences, punctuated with pants, Mrs. Penddleton imparted to Blagden-Biggs the nature of the catastrophe which had taken place next door; and they proceeded straightway to the scene of disaster, to find Eliza true to her trust, although halfway out on the landing and in a posture of defence.

By a supreme exercise of will-power Blagden-Biggs succeeded in overcoming his impulse to initiate proceedings with the 'Whoo-Whoop' with which he was in the habit of accosting his acquaintances, and he burst out: 'Now look here, Pends, old man, I know just exactly what's the matter with you, and don't you make any blooming mistake about it! You're going to jolly well lie here like old Rammy Sammy the Great in his sar—what's-its-name, and not say a word. You've been stuffing that old head of yours too full of rubbish. I'll just swallow my breakfast, and then toddle up to the College and let 'em know you're a bit off colour and taking a day in bed.'

'Damn you, Biggs!' roared Penddleton, in a fury and sitting up in bed. 'I tell you there's a man down the well at the—'

But Blagden-Biggs would tolerate no discussion and would listen to no remonstrance. A soldier born to command, masterful, overbearing and leather-lunged, he dominated the apartment. Pends must really be sensible, and keep quiet, and not make those ridiculous faces; and why the deuce couldn't he shave himself without making a great gash in his cheek as if he was carving a sirloin of beef? Nor would it be fair to ignore the services of Mrs. Penddleton, who afforded her ally effective assistance by applying the sponge with vigour and judgment,

till Penddleton grunted something about the water all running down at the back of his neck. Between them the invalid was gradually reduced to a state of sulky submission, although a muffled voice was occasionally heard to begin, 'But, confound it, there's a man d——,' only to be incontinently smothered.

No sooner, however, had their united efforts to quiet the patient been crowned with success, than Blagden-Biggs beckoned Mrs. Penddleton outside and urged her to have in a doctor. Would she have the civilian fellow? Or would she have the Army Medical man from the R.M.C., who could be had free, gratis, for nothing? Mrs. Penddleton would have the civilian fellow. She would not have the Army Medical man from the R.M.C., not on any account. She had no confidence in the Army Medical man, none whatever. Her confidence had been shattered on his being called in on a recent occasion to minister to Dickie when suffering from the effects of a juvenile party. After his having completed a most inadequate examination of the sufferer, and after his having promised that he would send round some physic from the military pharmacy, Mrs. Penddleton had overheard his report to the anxious father, who was awaiting the verdict in the hall: 'Over-eaten himself, the little beast, that's what's the matter with him. Wants a good licking. What's that? Too young? Nonsense! They're never too young!' A most horrid person. The medicine had, moreover, come round in an imperial pint bottle, with the 'Stout' label only partially washed off—like a drench for a horse! It had smelt abominable and had tasted worse, and the invalid—like the sensible boy that he was—had refused to touch it; to this exhibition of precocity was to be attributed the gratifying fact that Dickie had been completely restored to health on the following day. No! No more Army Medical men for her! She would have the civilian fellow. So Blagden-Biggs proceeded to the residence of that professional gentleman which happened to be near at hand, and, after leaving a message indicating the urgent nature of the case, hastened home, to find the eggs and bacon stone-cold and Evie more than half inclined to think that she was being neglected.

Seeing that the respective dwellings were about two hundred yards apart, the doctor, had he been a Harley Street consulting physician, would have summoned his brougham, would have equipped himself with a serious-looking volume, and would

have pretended to be absorbed in the work while he drove to the scene of action. As it was, he assumed a look of portentous intelligence, he secreted a stethoscope in his hat, and he proceeded to the Château Penddleton with a grave and measured tread. He was ushered in and, preceded by Mrs. Penddleton, entered the sick chamber with a stealthy movement calculated to give the creeps to a costermonger. No sooner had he crossed the threshold, however, than Penddleton started up and ejaculated :

‘ Look here! I don’t know who the devil you are, but there’s a man down the w—— ’

‘ Now, my dear sir, my dear sir! We must not unduly excite ourselves. Now really, Captain Penddleton!’ The doctor was by this time feeling about in his abortive endeavours to find the patient’s pulse. Then, as the invalid continued to manifest symptoms of giving utterance to strong expressions of opinion, he deftly inserted a clinical thermometer into the sick man’s mouth. (This method is recommended by Professor Schnupfen-junker of Leipzig, in that epoch-making monograph of his entitled *Die Ausserordentlichwiderspenstigenpatientenerschränkung*). He was now in a position to count gravely, watch in hand; the watch happened not to be going as he had forgotten to wind it over night, but even Penddleton realised that the man was playing the game according to the rules. ‘ Pulse slightly irregular, symptoms of febricula,’ murmured the doctor; ‘ and the tongue—just a little more light, please, Mrs. Penddleton. Thank you. Ah!’ An apophthegm once uttered by a lecturer at ‘ Bart.’s ’ to the effect that hallucinations come from the stomach here occurred to him.

‘ Have we had our breakfast? No? Well, Mrs. Penddleton, a cup of tea with two nice crisp slices of toast can do no harm. And perhaps an egg, boiled soft. But the digestive organs must on no account be overcharged.’

Penddleton, who was equipped with an appetite like a wolf, and who had by this time got beyond the exclamatory stage, gurgled ominously. ‘ Perhaps, Mrs. Penddleton, I might have a word with you outside.’

The doctor listened gravely to Mrs. Penddleton’s report of what had occurred, and succeeded in conveying to her, in that manner which is the perquisite of the medical profession, that he knew perfectly well what she was going to say before she said

it. He had been wavering between dyspepsia and a gastric attack, but he now came to the conclusion that it was some-new-thing-itis. He was indeed rather gratified on hearing about the razor and the soap and Eliza, the maid. He had enjoyed a certain reputation for his skill in the management of nervous disorders, ever since the day when he had made the discovery that a publican, whose case had been diagnosed by a brother practitioner as cerebral haemorrhage, was in reality suffering from D.T.

'Clearly a case of overwork, but with contributory causes aggravating the disease,' he admitted. 'Captain Penddleton must be kept very quiet for the present.'

He made out a prescription for a mixture (to be taken three times a day after meals), promised to call in again in the afternoon, and took his departure, leaving Mrs. Penddleton somewhat relieved in her mind.

'Captin's gone dotty, and they're going to take 'im to Broadmoor,' Eliza confided to the grocer's boy, who had a seared conscience, an insinuating address, and carrotty hair. It is perhaps hardly necessary to record that 'Ginger' lost no time in spreading this intelligence abroad, together with such additions as a fertile imagination could devise and a lying tongue could utter; he did not indeed miss a single doorstep right along to the corner where you turn off towards Frimley. The result was that the tidings of Penddleton's indisposition seriously ruffled the calm which used to brood over Camberley before the invasion of the motor-car. Nor did Blagden-Biggs' announcement in the ante-room of the Staff College that 'old Pends was as jumpy as if he'd got the jim-jams in quadruplicate' tend to allay anxiety. Quite a number of people called to inquire and left cards, and during the afternoon the Commandant himself arrived and had an interview with Mrs. Penddleton.

'He's just a bit overtrained, Mrs. Penddleton,' the great man was good enough to say; 'we must keep him on the walking list for a few days. He ought to have a mash, too, before you bed him down for the night.'

The Commandant was one of those kind of men who cannot pick out their own horse from among three on the road unless it happens to have pink stockings, or no tail, or is signalised by some equally unmistakable peculiarity; but he had made it

a practice to express himself in figurative language, redolent of the turf and the stable, ever since his bay pony mare, 'Rats' (owner up), had run second for a sky race at Frowsypore. (There is reason to believe that Rats would have won, had her rider refrained from indulging in certain spasmodic contortions in the saddle at a critical juncture, which he afterwards described as 'finishing,' but which the mare mistook for an intimation that there was no occasion to hurry.) Mrs. Penddleton had not the remotest idea what the great man meant; but she felt that he intended to be kind, and she was not a little gratified by his affability and condescension. Moreover, when the doctor paid his afternoon visit, he pronounced the feverish symptoms to be abating and detected an improvement in tone, and he did not think there was any need to obtain the services of a trained nurse. Penddleton might have a milk pudding with his beef-tea in the evening, but no stimulants on any account, nor was he to smoke. Penddleton groaned aloud.

At his visit next morning the doctor was apprised that the patient had slept well and was clamouring for food. During the examination the sufferer once or twice began plaintively: 'I say, there really is somebody down the——'; but the doctor was firm as adamant and insisted upon the need for absolute quiet. Then, downstairs in the little drawing-room, he told Mrs. Penddleton that this was a case for change of air and scene. 'Some bright, bracing place by the sea, Mrs. Penddleton; but not Margate—the Pierrots on the sands are too stimulating. He might come downstairs in the afternoon, provided that no visitors are allowed. Ah, and I see you have a piano. A little dreamy music perhaps, Mrs. Penddleton—one or two of Mendelssohn's delightful *Lieder ohne Worte*; and you might sing soft lullabies to him in the waning light.'

This, it will be conceded, was a little hard on Mrs. Penddleton, who, when she engaged in operations against the piano assumed a strenuous offensive from the very outset, and maintained it until she finished off the outraged instrument with an all-embracing, nerve-shattering crash, leaving it to mutter and twang to itself for hours afterwards. Her singing, moreover, was of the *bravura* type, and her shrieks when rendering the more passionate portions of Tosti's 'Farewell' were something terrible to hear. But she knew her duty, and she promised to do her best. A few days later the whole party, Penddleton,



Mrs. Penddleton, Dickie and Dickie's nursery governess, proceeded to the station, where they took train for Dullington-on-Sea, and their troubles were promptly forgotten by everybody in Camberley.

It was about a week after this exodus of a sorely stricken family to the sea-side that Blagden-Biggs came home after playing three hard sets at tennis and, in accordance with his usual practice, hastened to his own room, poured out a basin full of water, and plunged his face into it. He came up spluttering and using bad words, and rushed to the bell. The maid appeared. She was by no means a bad-looking girl, and a few months earlier—before falling under the spell of Evie—Blagden-Biggs would have chucked her under the chin as soon as looked at her.

'I say, Mary, this water smells perfectly abominable. Where d'you get it from?' Mary blushed becomingly. The water had been turned off at the main for a couple of hours in the forenoon when she was filling the jugs, and a young man—it had been the grocer's boy if the truth must be told—had been kind enough to draw water for her from the well at the back of the house. Should she empty the jugs all out and fill them again from the tap?

'Oh, please, yes. There must be something wrong with that well. I say, we haven't been drinking out of it, have we?' There had been a lecture at the College a few days before about hygiene, illustrated with diagrams of organisms magnified to a Homeric scale, and Blagden-Biggs had been much exercised in his mind over drains and things of that sort ever since. Mary bridled. It was not exactly what she said—but her manner made it plain that nothing would have induced her to procure water for drinking purposes from an impeachable source. Now, Blagden-Biggs was a public-spirited individual (he would be a member of his County Council now if he had not driven over a dog in his motor on the election day, and lost a number of votes in consequence); so, when he presently went up to the College, he hunted up the local Directory and found out the name and address of a man who did something sanitary, and he despatched a letter to this official declaring that the well was a danger to the community.

The result was that an emissary from the man who did something sanitary procured a bottleful of water from the well,

and this was despatched to an analyst, who furnished an exhaustive and, in most of its passages, unintelligible report. It was, however, discovered from the document that, in addition to a large and varied assortment of other malignant bacilli, a pint of the fluid contained two million three hundred and forty-seven thousand one hundred and nine specimens of a most virulent microbe, one single one of which in a healthy condition had been warranted by the most eminent bacteriologist of the day to be capable of depopulating a city. The man who did something sanitary reported this circumstance to certain local dignitaries, and these, having arrived at the conclusion that the well must be purified, invited tenders. The one tender received was, after the lapse of a week, solemnly opened, and it was found to emanate from a local contractor, who, in the absence of other competitors, was invited to undertake the task.

So, one morning, about nine o'clock, three tarnished-looking individuals formed up at the back of Penddleton's premises, with ropes and picket-posts and other implements, and proceeded to sit down and smoke for about an hour, in obedience to Rule 3 of the Trades Union of which they were submissive members. Rule 3 laid it down that no member of the association was to undertake to work for more than eight hours, or was actually to work for more than four. Eliza and Mary found it necessary to carry out most of their household duties for the time being in their respective backyards; and they were thus enabled to join in an improving conversation with the three tarnished-looking individuals, to which the ladies contributed chiefly in the form of tempestuous giggles. Eventually, however, the individuals divested themselves of a portion of their garments and, a rope ladder having been lowered into the shaft of the well, one of them slowly descended into the orifice.

The coroner's jury brought in an open verdict. It was never definitely determined whether it had been due to an accident or whether it had been a case of suicide. It remains in doubt to this day whether anything could have been done, supposing that somebody had displayed miraculous resource and presence of mind at the moment when Penddleton rushed out on to the landing with his face all over blood and soap, and a razor in his hand, and nearly frightened Eliza, the maid, into fits. But it is an ill wind which blows nobody good. Dickie, revelling

in the sunshine at Dullington-on-Sea, acquired the colouring of an Italian urchin in a chromo-lithograph. Mrs. Penddleton discovered a place where you can get blouses—dressy ones, with two pleats down the backs—for sevenpence-halfpenny less than you can get them even in High Street, Kensington. And as for Penddleton himself, he reclined on the beach and filled his lungs with the invigorating ozone, he forget all the useless facts which he had committed to memory, he ceased to worry himself about examinations, and the consequence was that he passed with flying colours—almost as well, indeed, as Blagden-Biggs. He became in due course an ornament of the Staff, and he would probably be a Military Member of the Army Council now were it not for his being disqualified owing to his having commanded his regiment.

CHAS. E. CALLWELL.

## *MY EXPERIENCES OF THE RAILWAY STRIKE.*

BY A RAILWAY CLERK.

ALTHOUGH several officials on our railway had laughed at the idea of a strike, and had looked upon the manifesto of the men's societies as mere bluff, I was not much surprised to see by the morning paper on Friday the 18th of August that the men were in earnest and had really 'come out.'

Generally, about this time, numbers of clerks are going in, but to-day the place seemed almost deserted. On reaching my room, I met a few of my fellow clerks, who told me that most of our men at the passenger station, porters, shunters, firemen, and others, had 'come out' about midnight. After a little delay, I was offered Stanyforth Junction, a large signal-box at the north end of the goods yard. On approaching the signal-box I noticed about seven or eight men sitting on some railings on the far side of the line. They all had either white rosettes in their buttonholes or white bands round their arms, and as I began to go up the signal-box steps they shouted to me to stop, calling me a 'blackleg' (with various choice prefixes), and threatening all sorts of impossible things if I dared to go into the box.

After 'signing on' in the Train Register Book, I took up a newspaper and settled down to read. I was not alone in the box, for there was a man there named Stokes, whose duty it was to attend to the electrical fittings. He said to me, 'They haven't recognised me yet, but when they do there'll be fireworks, as I'm the only one in the gang that hasn't gone out.'

Stanyforth Junction box is situated near an over-bridge carrying a road over the railway, close to a rather rough part of the town, largely occupied by railwaymen, and at about eleven o'clock numbers of men, most of them wearing white bands round the left arm, began to collect on this bridge. In a short time there was a dense crowd of them, and many also collected on a wall or parapet which bounded the line at the side on which the signal-box was. They all shouted to us to 'come out' and called us 'blacklegs,' with other less endear-

ing names. At first they contented themselves with using 'winged words,' but when they recognised my companion Stokes there was such an uproar that I could not help thinking of the descriptions of the mob in the French Revolution. There could not at this time have been less than two or three hundred strikers on the bridge and on both sides of the railway. Some of them soon began to get bolder and jumped down on to the line. For the first time Stokes showed signs of 'nerves,' for the men were shouting at him by name. 'You always was the biggest blackleg in the gang!' yelled one of them. I got up and shut and locked the signal-box door, and secured all the windows on the inside. I felt that so long as the men did not begin to break things, Stokes and I were fairly safe. About a dozen or more strikers now climbed up the steps and ranged themselves on the balcony outside the windows, threatening us with fearful penalties if we didn't come out of the box that instant. I remained sitting on a chair, reading a paper, as I knew it was worse than useless to answer any of their threats. After about five minutes of this, Stokes got up and said to me, 'It's no use, I must go out. They'll wreck the place if I don't.' I said, 'Well, do as you like; but I must stop.' I unlocked the door and let him out, shutting it immediately and locking it after him. As he went out of the box the crowd raised a loud cheer, and the men on the steps used more persuasion to get me to come out too. 'What has a young chap like you got to do with it?' said one. (I may mention that though I am twenty-four, I look younger.) 'You haven't got a wife and family!' shouted another man. I admitted the truth of this accusation, but didn't quite see what that had to do with it.

For about an hour all was peaceful, but then the strike picket, who had stayed all the time near the box, were again attacked by 'ennui' and came close up to talk to me. One youth tried to argue the rights and wrongs of the strike with me, but he was more used to working with his hands than with his head, and I don't think he would have made a very good witness before the Royal Commission. He said, 'It's the likes of you that's the enemies of working men.' 'Why,' I answered, 'I'm a working man myself!' He cogitated over this for some moments, and then said, 'You oughtn't to be in there.' I said, 'Why not? The power's cut off; there are no trains passing. What difference does it make to you my being

here?' He made a tremendous effort of the intellect, and thus delivered himself: 'Well, you oughtn't to be 'ere!' After this interesting debate upon the vital question of 'blacklegging,' the picket adjourned and left me alone; I assumed it was the 'tea interval,' or something of that sort, as the afternoon was getting on. A lot of little boys now began to congregate on the bridge and shout at me. Their conversation consisted simply of 'Come out, blackleg! Blackleg, come out!' which was very flat and uninteresting after the splendid cataract of metaphors I had heard in the morning. About four o'clock I was rung up on the telephone by the Chief Foreman, who told me that he had decided to close the box, but would I wait there for a little longer, till a man came to guard it? I agreed, and again sat down to wait. A few minutes later I saw a man, with the regulation white band which marked him as a strike picket, walking along the parapet near the box. He stopped and asked how long I had been in there. I said, 'Oh, since ten this morning.' After looking round to see whether anyone was within hearing, he said, 'Well, it's all a bad job; you mayn't believe it, but my 'eart's with you!' He then took himself off, but the incident was instructive, as it showed me that this man was one of the many who had been drawn into the strike against their will. Immediately afterwards, another picket, consisting of three men, arrived and sat down on the wall. One was a venerable person with a white beard, and another was a youngish man who had evidently been celebrating his holiday from work to some purpose, as he could hardly walk straight. This gentleman came half-way up the signal-box steps, and began asking me searching questions about what 'screw' I was getting from the Company. I was sitting on the sill of an open window at the time, and politely declined to give him this interesting information. He kept edging up the steps towards me, talking somewhat thickly about his 'screw' as compared with mine, and then suggested that we might continue this financial discussion inside the box if I would unlock the door. I told him to get off the steps, and he then made a sudden dash for the open window. I gave him a strong push on the chest and slammed the window shut (it was a sliding one), nearly taking his fingers off in the process.

When he found himself locked out he was not pretty to look at. He screamed with rage, tearing at the window with

his fingers. Then the venerable gentleman with the white beard intervened, and persuaded the other to come down from the signal-box door, at the same time apologising to me for the state the younger man was in. 'Ad too much,' said the old fellow, which was very evident, and I agreed with him. The men then went a short distance away and sat on the wall, smoking. I realised that the strikers would be more likely to be drunk in the evening; indeed, I had just had an instance, and when in that state they would probably damage the box, to say nothing of myself! So I rang up the foreman's office, and he replied that I might lock the box up and lock all the windows, and then come down to his office and hand over the key. The strike pickets looked at me curiously, and the old white-bearded man gave me a respectful 'Good-night.' I saw no signs of any strikers on the line, but a good many were hanging over walls at various points, and greeted me with cries of 'Black-leg!' I simply acknowledged the compliment by a friendly wave of the hand, which the strikers did not seem to appreciate much.

My first action on leaving the station was to go into the town and buy a revolver and cartridges. I hoped I shouldn't have to use it, but at the same time I thought that if I had it on me it would give me a warm, comfortable feeling inside.

Next morning I was up at 4.30 A.M., armed myself with some cold cutlets and a bottle of barley-water, put my revolver in one pocket and ten cartridges in the other, and set off on my bicycle for Pondwood Junction, the signal-box to which I was now to be posted. I must explain that Pondwood is one of the most important junctions on our system, and might be called one of the keys to the situation. It is about two miles south of the town and station, and all trains entering the station from the south have to pass it. As I live some way out of the town, I did not have to go through it to get to Pondwood, but simply had to cycle about two miles along country lanes. At that hour of the morning these lanes are quite deserted, and I kept a sharp look-out for strike pickets. However, there were no pickets on the road, and I reached the signal-box safely; the only ones I saw were about half-a-dozen on a bridge which spans the line about a hundred yards from the box.

I expected to find one of the ordinary signalmen in charge, but, to my surprise, I found Roberts, of my office, with two



ticket-collectors who had been acting as his assistants and a clerk in the Chief Goods Office who was an Old Etonian like myself. Roberts told me that he had gone the previous evening to Stanyforth Junction, but at about 9.30 P.M. he was hurriedly sent for to go to Pondwood, as the signalman there had been forcibly removed by the strikers! The box had been empty for about three-quarters of an hour, and a London express had been kept standing there until Roberts arrived and took charge. He and his three assistants then took their departure, and I was left for the first time in my life in sole charge of a large signal-box. I had often been to this box before, and had been taught the working of it, more for fun than anything else; I little thought that the men who were teaching me would one day be out on strike, and that I myself should be entrusted with the lives of passengers. However, I felt quite confident, and was determined to show the strikers that Pondwood Junction could do just as well without them.

I took off my coat and rolled up my sleeves in the approved signalman's fashion. I also 'signed on' in the Train Register Book like this: 'T.M.—On duty 6 A.M.' Suddenly there came a ring on one of the bells—one beat. This meant 'Call attention,' and I answered back by one beat. Then came four short rings, meaning 'Is line clear for express?' I rang four beats back, and pegged over the needle of the block instrument to 'Line clear,' which meant that I had 'accepted' the train. A minute or so later came two sharp rings, which meant 'Train entering section.' I repeated this back, and offered the four rings on the next bell, calling the next signalman's attention first in the same way. After he had accepted the train too, I 'set the road'—that is, pulled over the necessary points and locking-bars, and then pulled over the signals. In two minutes the train passed, and I put each signal to danger behind it, and as it passed I gave the 'Train entering section' signal to the box ahead. I kept a good look-out to see whether it had a tail-lamp on (to show whether the whole train was there), and then gave the 'Train out section' signal to the rear box (2—1 on the bell). I entered the times in the book, and in a few minutes the box ahead sent me back the 'Train out of section,' and that train was done with.

Later in the day two stationmasters arrived to assist me, and about two o'clock in the afternoon we had a surprise: a little

petrol inspection-car (used by the head officials when going over the line) stopped at the box, and out got four soldiers, a sergeant and three men, with rifles, blankets, mess-tins, and bayonets all complete.

The soldiers made themselves comfortable outside the signal-box, and the sergeant told me that arrangements had been made the day before for all railwaymen Territorials in the town to hand over their rifles for inspection—a very smart dodge for depriving the strikers of firearms in case they got nasty. A little while afterwards a policeman came up into the box and sat there for a bit. He noticed my revolver on the mantelpiece, and told me I was a 'very sensible young gentleman.' The day wore on, and when a quarter to six came I saw Roberts coming down the line accompanied by two other men. I wasn't sorry to see him, for I had been on duty twelve hours at a stretch. We had had 62 trains past during that time, and it was a significant illustration of the state things had got into that only one was a goods train!

Sunday, the 20th of August, was not a day of rest for me. When I turned up at Pondwood at six in the morning, Roberts told me that the pickets had been prowling around all night, dodging behind the trees in the wood just over the line. They hadn't tried to come near the box owing to the soldiers; the latter had beguiled the time by occasionally shouting out the order 'Volleys—Ready!' and opening the bolts of their rifles with a good clatter, which the sergeant told me had made the pickets scuttle. Picketing at this particular town was anything but peaceful. One of the clerks in my office, when going to the station, got a severe kick on the shin from one of the pickets, who, however, got in return a blow on the point of the jaw which knocked him senseless; I think I am correct in saying that this man took no further picket duty during the strike. Then, at a level crossing in the town, a mob of strikers forced the gates across the railway and damaged them, and savagely attacked some loyal men who were sent down to repair the gates. On one occasion, too—I think it was on the Saturday night—a number of men threw stones from a bridge on to an engine which was leaving its shed to take a train forward. On the appearance of the military, however, things calmed down, and we had little further bother.

During the afternoon I was surprised to see one of the

signalmen, Hewson—the loyal man who had been forcibly dragged out of the box on the Friday night. I let him come up into the box, and he told me he had only just been able to leave his house, which was surrounded by pickets. He said: 'I ought really to have been in duty this shift, sir; if you like, I'll take the box over now.' 'No, Hewson, I'm afraid that won't do,' I answered; 'I can't hand over the box without orders. Of course, I know you're all right, but I'm responsible for this place till Inspector Dalton tells me to come out. I'll ring up the stationmaster's office and tell them you're here and ask what you're to do.' I did so, and the stationmaster telephoned back: 'Tell Hewson to write out a statement of how he was turned out of the box on Friday and send it in to the office; but don't give the box over to him till further orders.' I told Hewson he might write his statement out in the box, and I helped him with it. As it is an interesting example of 'peaceful picketing' I will give a short account of it.

It appeared that when Hewson was in the box at 8.30 P.M. on the Friday night he heard a noise outside, at the end farthest from the door, as if someone was tripping over the signal wires. He went to that end to look out, but suddenly heard a noise behind him, and in an instant about a dozen men had rushed into the box and had ranged themselves up in front of the block instruments and telephones. The noise outside had been intended to get him away from the door, and had served its purpose only too well. The men, who all had caps pulled down over their eyes, told Hewson in plain terms that unless he left the box instantly it would be the worse for him. Some of them, he said, were the worse for drink, and looked dangerous; he was helpless, and agreed to go out with them. One of the strikers, not content with this, suggested damaging the box; but Hewson pleaded hard with them not to do this, and told them they would gain nothing, as the other signalmen were out on strike, and once he himself was gone there was no one else who could work the box. In the end they consented to leave things alone, and marched Hewson off to his home. Having got him there, pickets were placed outside, and Hewson was told that if he left the house they would 'smash it.' For the sake of his wife, who was very much frightened, he did not dare to disobey, and it was only on this Sunday afternoon, when a settlement was rumoured, that the pickets had allowed him

outside his front gate. He also told me that he had been pressed to 'sign on'—that is, become a member of the 'A.S.R.S.'—but in spite of many threats he refused. He told me, too, another interesting fact: he had a strong suspicion that the men who turned him out of the box were not railwaymen at all. Some of them made suggestions for rendering the box unworkable which, so he said, showed they could not know anything about railways, and it is quite probable, therefore, that the strikers had got outside roughs to do their dirty work for them.

I shall long remember Monday and Tuesday, the 21st and 22nd of August 1911, as the hardest and most wearing days I had ever been through during my seven years' service on the railway. I set off as usual on Monday morning for the signal-box, but when about a quarter of a mile from it I was stopped by a policeman, who said: 'They're after you, sir. They've got to know the way you come, and they're waiting for you up the road.' The policeman and I climbed down the side of the cutting and got to the box along the railway. It was a pouring wet morning, and it gave me intense satisfaction to reflect that the pickets would have anything but a cheerful time waiting and watching for me. About eleven o'clock we had a little excitement: our four soldiers were replaced by a much more formidable bodyguard of a lieutenant and eleven men, who made themselves thoroughly at home in the lower part of the signal-box.

The pickets were as good as their word, or tried to be, for that very evening Roberts and one of his assistants were seized as they were coming to relieve me. About five minutes to six a policeman ran towards the box shouting, 'They've got your men!' The lieutenant started at once with four men. A few minutes later I saw, to my great relief, Roberts and Wardwood, his assistant, coming towards the box with the soldiers. It really was the funniest sight, because Roberts and Wardwood are both rather short and fat, and as each of them had a soldier with a gleaming bayonet on either side they looked as if they had committed some fearful atrocity. Roberts said afterwards that he'd have given a sovereign for a photograph of himself at that moment. He and Wardwood had been coming to the signal-box by the main road instead of along the line, and when turning into a field to get to the box about twenty men rushed

from behind a hedge and seized them. Roberts was not hurt, but Wardwood was thrown down, kicked rather badly behind the knee, and had one of his thumbs sprained. They were then both marched off along the road, but before they had gone far fortunately they saw the policeman, who ran off to fetch the soldiers; the strikers realised the game was up and took to their heels.

Next morning on coming out of my front door I found two policemen with bicycles waiting for me. They rode with me all the way to the box, but we saw nothing of the strikers. About ten o'clock the welcome news was telephoned up to me that the strike was all settled, and that Signalman Merton would relieve me at two o'clock, so that to-day I should only have the ordinary eight hours' shift instead of twelve. What a relief it was to feel it was all over! Roberts and I were determined, from the beginning of the strike, that there should be no hitch in the working of Pondwood Junction which could give a handle to the strikers; and now that our spell of duty there was almost done, we could tell ourselves truthfully that there *had* been no hitch. No one could say the Company had endangered the lives of the public by putting incompetent men in signal-boxes, in spite of the many speeches to this effect which the various strike-leaders had delivered. Not only had the passengers travelled as safely during this time of stress as at any other time, but we could also say with truth that we had not caused any unnecessary delays. Nothing would have been said if we had, as safety is the first consideration; but both of us were positive that even if the regular signalmen had been on duty they could not have got the trains past with any less detention than we did.

At last two o'clock arrived, and with it Signalman Merton, who said 'Good-afternoon' to me with rather a shamefaced air. I put on my coat and took up my revolver, which was lying on a table. Merton looked astonished and rather hurt. 'What do you want with a thing like that, sir, in a peaceful country?' he asked. I thought of the Llanelly riots and the many loyal men on our own railway who had been injured by the strikers. 'Well, Merton, if you call this a peaceful country, you can't have read the papers lately,' I said, and, putting the revolver in my pocket, I left the box.

### AN IRISH DEER FOREST.

THERE are two deer forests in the south of Ireland famous for the weight of their stage and for the bags of woodcock yearly given up by their great larch woods. In the extreme north-west of the island there is a third, not so well known. This latter forest is divided into two fairly equal portions by a long glen. On its north side the hills rise quickly; in places they rise in sheer precipices, on the face of which neither man nor deer can pass. The opposite side of the glen is covered by thick primeval-looking woods, chiefly oak, mixed with a great many hollies and a fair sprinkling of yew and juniper. How plentifully the hollies grow here cannot be seen till the leaf has fallen; then their deep greens show everywhere among the dull browns and greys and purples of the hard wood. These woods stand on a chaos of huge boulders densely carpeted with moss, and are most difficult and trying to travel through; but there is little reason for ever going into them, and their recesses are, and probably always have been, almost unexplored. Where they open out towards the west birch takes the place of the oaks, and then come stretches of the rankest and longest heather I have ever seen: we found some bits nine feet long, measured without any root.

A Scotch stalker would not at first be conscious of much difference in his surroundings among these Irish hills: they are seemingly just those he would associate with the ground on which he was accustomed to work in the North. But there are differences, and one is sure to be brought very speedily and very prominently before the traveller—or behind him—if the nails in his shoes are not both large and new. The peat is often quite destitute of grit, and in wet weather becomes exceedingly greasy and slippery and difficult to walk on: a pony cannot be taken on the hills, and in most cases could hardly travel 'empty,' much less with a twenty stone stag on his back. Then the flora is different; the *Osmunda* grows luxuriantly by the rivers and lonely lakes, and saxifrages, which I have never met before in a wild state, cover great masses of rock face. As a contrast to the royal fern, its tiny 'filmy' brother creeps over mossy stones in the shady woods. Golden eagles—two only, and I fear both of the same sex—take their toll of the stout



mountain hares; wild swans, both whooper and Bewick, haunt the lakes in the winter; great flocks of exceedingly wary geese tear up the withered grass on the flats; falcons and ravens are plentiful, and so are otters, and there are many badgers. Tradition relates that in far-off days, when deer were plentiful, they were driven over ground on which pits had been dug; these were covered over with branches and turf, and strong sharply pointed stakes were firmly set in them, to impale any beast which fell through. The late head-stalker, who now looks after matters in the second largest forest in Scotland, showed me several stakes which he had found in a moss far up on the hill: they were long, heavy, pointed instruments, well preserved by the peat, and he was convinced that they had been set where he found them by ancient hunters. In due time they attracted the attention of maids searching for something for their fires, and I fear they went the way of Carlyle's first MS. of the 'French Revolution' and some of Sir Isaac Newton's calculations.

In none of the forests of Scotland is it possible, if you are high up, to get altogether out of the sight of civilisation—cultivated land. From the midmost point of Ross-shire a good glass will show clearly the red sails of fishing-smacks creeping north to Skye, while, turning round, you may see a fleet of great battleships making for the Cromarty Frith under a dense pall of smoke. So it is in the Alps: the Black Forest seems close to on the one side, the plains of Italy on the other; it looks as if an old-time giant could have jumped from the Schreckhorn or the Matterhorn into a crocus-spangled meadow. But, if high ridges and peaks are avoided, you may wander for days in the North, through lonely flats and long winding glens, and never come across a human being, hardly cross a road. There is a certain charm in sharp contrasts: Carlyle's famous passage in his account of the attack on the Hôtel de Ville sometimes came into my mind when spying on an autumn day a wild tract of desolate hills. Nothing is here but great brown flats and sharp or rounded peaks and endless grey masses of stone and black tarns; there are no sheep, no houses of any kind; unless you look carefully you will hardly see deer. The glass creeps up in its search, and then—perhaps many miles away—you pass the well-defined ridge of purple-brown, and far beyond it see 'reapers in peaceful woody fields,' and cottages in which you may be quite sure old women are spinning. Like Louis



Stevenson, in his description of a commonplace Edinburgh street, you turn a corner 'and see ships tacking for the Baltic.' The glass in a good light brings these things so close to you that you have to look with plain eyes for a moment to realise how far away the sunny patches of cornfield and little clumps of trees are.

This forest is fenced; and it is one of the objects of this paper to show both the advantages and the drawbacks which are attached to ground protected in such a way. In the first place, without fencing there could here be no forest: it would obviously be impossible in these days to create a great dwelling-place for deer, establish a 'haunt' for them, as a fowler would say, if the first comers were liable to be shot at on the winter journeys they would be sure to pay to the cropped land down below. There are not many districts where even a fenced forest could be formed on a large scale—a forest as distinct from a park. The ground must be suitable both in its feeding properties and its altitude; then it must be a compact lump; there must be no roads through it, and there should be a considerable acreage of wood. Within the twenty-one or twenty-two thousand acres of the Irish forest I had the privilege of renting for two years, all these advantages are to be found. I have been stalking regularly for over thirty years, and I venture now, as impartially as possible, to sum up my experiences. A host of men could speak with greater weight on one side of the question, but there are not many who have had much practical knowledge of the other—there cannot be, for there is no enclosed forest in the kingdom so large, or a quarter so large, as this Irish one.

To some men—and they perhaps with great knowledge of deer—a fenced forest will convey an idea of 'easiness,' the certainty on any reasonable day of one or more stalks. That has not been my experience, and I often wished during the autumn of last year that such confident people had been with me and had shared my lot. It would sometimes have been a consolation to a tired man, stopped in his work at dusk perhaps six or seven rough pathless miles from home, to have had such a companion with him. The later would have recognised then, if never before, that blank days and disappointments are not confined to open country. During seventeen days of the last season I fired only two cartridges; and they were days of good honest hard work, not easy walks or casual afternoons. Off at

nine, I was seldom in before eight, sometimes later; and often I had no stalk at all. I do not mean to say that I could not have killed deer on these long tramps; but I had to keep up an average, and this varies naturally according to the ground. In a small forest I have been well contented when ten or fifteen stags weighed anything over fourteen stone; here our average ran up to 18 st. 9 lb. and 18 st. 5 lb. for twenty-eight and thirty-five stags, weighed, as is the custom in most parts of Scotland, with heart and liver only. (I have never been able to understand why these two portions should be left out. A stag's heart is surely as good as a bullock's, and no part of him is more delicate than the liver when he is shot in good time.)

The advantage of unenclosed ground is quite obvious. You never know when you go out what you may see—what the wind of the night or of the past week may have brought you. This is the chief benefit enjoyed by Scotch stalkers, and it is a great one; but I hope to show that surprises and uncertainties are not confined to that open country. I do not think that stalking in a fenced forest would be a good school for a beginner—whether gentle or simple: he might grow up less patient, less observant, and be apt to try experiments which he would hardly attempt in Scotland unless his marches were exceedingly wide. Not that the stalking is easier: I am sure that here, at any rate, it is more difficult. We may brush aside at once and altogether the idea that a fence is a help; even if it was arranged in some such way as the netting in a decoy, I doubt if it would long further the object of its unprincipled maker. Deer soon learn their ground, and it would be very difficult to push them into a *cul-de-sac*. In my experience, the ten-wire obstacle has never been of the smallest help, either in getting a shot or in following a wounded stag; and in this particular forest you might be out day after day and never know you had such a surrounding. The excellence of the grazing also added to the difficulties of getting at deer: they picked up their food quickly, and had more time to spend lying down chewing the cud and watching; they did not go so much together, in such large herds, but spread themselves over wide spaces of the hill, and they were more difficult to deceive when they had once become suspicious. Some of the good stags kept out of our way in an extraordinary manner. There were one or two rifles out on most of the days between August 22 and October 8. The ground covers some thirty-four or thirty-five square miles, and some of it

is very wild and difficult to spy; but even so, one would think that few deer of outstanding merits would, during this long period, be altogether overlooked. This was not, however, the case; a good royal which Macdonald, the most capable and accurate of head-stalkers, came across in July was never seen again, and in the last week of the season we daily saw deer which had hitherto kept out of our sight. Just before we finished I had a strange experience which showed how cunning some of them were and how very capable of looking after themselves.

On October 6 a friend, having an idle day, spent it lying on the hill, carefully spying. He reported at night that he had seen a big stag with a very fine head—better than any we had yet come across—and I went out the next day to look for this stranger. The light, especially towards the west, was very bad: a curious purple bloom clung to the hills; and a thousand deer might have been packed in a corrie within a couple of miles, and not one of them would have been visible. We could make out nothing of the big deer, and, coming across two decent ordinary stags, debated whether it would not be wise to make an attempt on one of them; if we had, I should have lost one of the prizes of my sporting life. Then, just at the crisis of the judgment, the sharp eye of a lady was caught by something on a skyline; and when careful examination of it had been made, we cheerfully abandoned all idea of the first-seen beasts.

Here was our stag; by one o'clock we made the first attempt on him. The stalk *looked* as if it would be a simple one; but when I was probably within a few minutes of getting the shot a young stag jumped out of a hole and bolted full in his sight, and he and his hinds made a long passage to the south and disappeared, and we were as far off success as ever. It was some time before we were able to pick up the stag again, now as far below us as he had been before above. He was by himself in a little hollow; he stood there like a carven statue watching: for twenty minutes not a limb moved—only now and then a horn. Here again the little hill parliament engaged in eager debate: should we try him where he was, or would it be better to 'move' him and trust to being able to manœuvre safely up above? Moving deer, unless there is a well-known pass, is risky work, and yet to get at him where he was would be a difficult business; there was another stag lying down within a few hundred yards of him, and the stalk at the one might be impossible without disturbing the other. Much we debated:

but the day was getting on, and finally we made a quick descent over the rough hillside—a long *détour* to be sure of the wind—and then the lady and the gillies got into a sheltered corner and Alistair Macdonald, the second stalker and I went on. We got near the hollow, but success was as far from us as ever. Knoll after knoll from which to shoot was gained in vain; I could make out nothing of the stag. With utmost caution we crawled to several other possible positions, not so much afraid of him as of the drowsy cud-chewing outlier we had seen from above; and at last we crawled into the latter's view and he was up and off, and our beast with him—off in good earnest this time, it seemed, and for far.

It was nearly five o'clock—the hour when perhaps most shots in a forest are made—when a dejected and unhappy little company united and followed on towards the west. The details of the third attempt would take too long to relate. With great luck we picked up the second stag, managed with some difficulty to avoid him and get past him, quickly climbed a steep ridge, and then suddenly I found myself lying with cocked rifle in a fairly comfortable position within a hundred and twenty yards of the great stag. He was very uneasy—looking back often, slowly walking on. I shall always be grateful to Fortune, who has played me many a queer trick, that she gave me then a helping hand. This stag weighed 24 st. 12 lb., and had a very fine thirteen-point head with a strong rough horn: few better, I think, went to Macleay's at Inverness that year. Till a few hours before his death no one knew that there was such a deer on the ground. It is certain, I think, that he had spent the whole of his days in the woods or copses on the hillside, only coming out at night to feed; otherwise it would have been impossible to have overlooked him.

This was the heaviest stag I have killed or am ever likely to kill; but in 1907 I shot one with a more taking if not quite so strong a head. We called him the 'thirteen-pointer,' and I only saw him twice for brief intervals before I got him on September 23. He had five beautiful tops to one horn and four on the other, and weighed 20 st. 4 lb. We had a long following stalk after this deer—generally a delicate operation. There were about twenty stags with him, and they were wandering on against a high cold wind to get into better shelter. I shall always remember the pleasure with which MacLennan and I dug another and yet another point out of the peat in

which he had fallen. 'A royal! There's thirteen points!—fourteen! *fifteen!*'

Then, adding to this list of good stags seldom seen, one of our guests in 1907 got a very fine ten-pointer with a span between the horns of exactly thirty-six inches, of whose existence, till the morning he was shot, no one had the least idea. And I had a somewhat strange experience in that same year 1907: I hit a very good stag rather too low down in the shoulder, and lost him. Some days were spent in the search, but we never saw him again, and felt sure that he would die of the wound. This deer was not seen in 1908, and was shot at the end of September in the following year; the injured leg was perfectly stiff, but he was in fine condition and weighed eighteen stone.

To sum up this question of fences: if I had to begin my stalking again I would begin on open ground, and then, after a good many years' experience, I should like to work in an enclosed forest, or perhaps preferably on an island. You may miss some excitements; the sudden appearance of a good stag which a week ago was feeding in a corrie fifty miles away is one. But you are quite free from anxiety and little jealousies: you can nurse the ground, kill off poor deer and spare good ones, and feel that in time you will be amply rewarded for your forbearance; and I hope I have shown that if your marches are wide enough you may be quite ignorant of the prizes they contain.

It was no light undertaking to make this forest: few men, very few women, would have cared to give the thought and time and money that it required. None but one who has undertaken it can have an idea of the work necessary: the building-up of the fence through this wild country, the endless expenditure of money; and then there was the risk and uncertainty of the great experiment, the small progress at first, the long waiting, and the slow increase of the stock. No one in these islands has ever attempted anything of the kind on so large a scale; but the lady who owns these mountains was far-seeing and very patient, and capable of dealing with things in a large way; and I think she must feel now that she has been amply rewarded. Her ground was not suitable for cattle or sheep; there were very few grouse on it; save for a few blue hares it might have been called quite untenanted. Now it is a place of intense interest to a naturalist as well as a sportsman, and it gives work for far more people than it could do in any other state.

Getting these big stags home was a serious business. There

is only a small mileage of paths, though now and then one or other of the loughs on which there were boats gave some help. They had to be dragged great distances, and three and often four men were required to do it. I often wondered what was passing through the minds of the gillies who attended me when, late at night, wet through, and far from home, I left them to get near the deer. I know quite well that in their places I should most fervently have prayed for the stag's life, for a treacherous puff of wind to help him, or an unsteady hand. If the stalk was successful I used to leave the remainder of my lunch with them and tell them with grim untruthfulness how sorry I was. But I never once heard a grumble or a murmur: 'Faith, I wish he was twice as big' was a common retort. In spite of all difficulties, the work was so well organised that only four stags during the last season had to be left out all night. One of them—a pretty fourteen-pointer—I shot in such an inaccessible district that it took four men and a horse twelve hours to get him in. However late the men got home, it was arranged that they should have some hot supper. They were always willing and cheerful; most of them had good eyes—in one or two the sight was almost phenomenal.

A great deal of crawling had to be done on this ground. At the beginning of the season I was handicapped by an accident which had somewhat crippled a knee and my left hand, and I could not spread the latter out flat, but had to 'bunch' it. And so, on our second day out, it was agreed between Macdonald and myself that this mode of progression was to be avoided as much as possible. It perhaps naturally followed that before night I had gone through the longest and hardest spell of it I have ever experienced. We found half a dozen stags and a few hinds on the slope of a bare hillside. The morning was fine, but about midday it came on to rain heavily, and the north wind gradually increased in strength till it was blowing a furious gale; I have never been out on a hillside except in winter in such weather. We got within six hundred yards of the deer at twelve o'clock, and at four we were still far out of shot of any of them; but though we made so little progress in a direct line, we were continually moving, trying this or that possible approach, only to find it led to nothing. Much of the ground was flat bare rock. The deer were in shelter, but we were exposed to the full blast of the gale and icy rain, and all through those four hours we could only move with the greatest care



and deliberation. I have often thought when struggling against adverse circumstances in a forest that stalking was an over-rated amusement, but never did I feel this with such solemn conviction as when I crept—a drenched and numbed man—on those forbidding rocks. No doubt the storm helped us; on that bare face in any ordinary weather we must have been sooner or later picked up. Macdonald showed extraordinary patience and determination, and at last we were rewarded. Some lying-down hinds which had all the time commanded our approach shifted a few yards, and we were able to get on and wriggle to a knoll within shot of the deer. They caught me directly I raised myself up to shoot. I saw a bunched mass of brown alert things staring at me through the lashing rain; I tried to hold steady for a moment a shaking body, to feel with numb swollen finger the trigger, and I missed. The next moment we were the only inhabitants of the desolate hillside.

With few words we stood up—for the first time for so many hours—and set off for home. Macdonald did not seem to take the shortest road, and he went very quickly. We struggled and stumbled on for a mile or two, and then the watching Fates for the first time that day were kind to us. The deer made for a far distant shelter; but they seem not to have cared to face the full force of the gale, and came back a little and took the leeward side of a great ridge instead of going straight over it: here we ran into them, and I got a near but hurried shot at my stag and killed him—a fine ten-pointer weighing just two pounds short of eighteen stone. To Macdonald was due the credit—first for his inexhaustible patience, then for his knowledge of the line the deer would take.

So my troubles were forgotten—the wet and the cold and the failure—and I fought contentedly the long road home. It was well I knew it, for the mist sometimes completely shut me in; the rain never ceased for a moment, the wind howled and roared and crashed through the rocks as if it had been mid-winter instead of August. Half a dozen times I was completely blown over; but my cares were at an end. Not so those of the men: I sent help to them as soon as I could, but they had a terrible time of it before—late at night—they got the stag home.

Once during this season we had a grimmer search than after a wounded stag. One January day a man left a village some ten or twelve miles away to collect 'crottle'—the lichen which grows on rocks and is used for dyeing wool. He never came



home again, and a search was organised and kept up for some weeks. It was thought he might have strayed into an outlying part of the forest; and it was a strange sight to see forty or fifty men systematically beating up and down over the quiet hills: one day there were a hundred out. There are few dangerous bogs or springs in this part of the ground; and even if lost in some treacherous hole the tin and small sack he carried would have shown where he was. More probably—ill or caught by the bitter night—he had crept for shelter into a little cave or cleft among the rocks; and the ground is so wild and difficult to examine that except by chance his bones may never be found.

We spent the autumn and winter of 1909-10 snipe-shooting in Clare, in that district of 'Corca Bascinn' which is associated with two noble poems by Miss Lawless. I seldom think of the desolate sea which unceasingly frets or thunders on that wild coast without picturing somewhere on it the oarless and sailless boat bringing over to their old home the dead men of the Irish Brigade who had fallen a few hours before at Fontenoy; the cry of the frightened fisherman when he met that dreadful company in the mist of the early morning: 'Why are ye so white?' In the North of Ireland our home was near the country which Moira O'Neill writes of. We gave her names to our places: whatever might be set down on the Ordnance map, the lonely Osmunda-haunted streamlet was for us the 'Brabla Burn,' and Loughareema was the black tarn where we waited for wild geese and heard that rustling among the reeds which the little wave makes when 'it runs up the shore and flees as if on feet.' We shall always be grateful for the pleasure these verses have given us.

From the people—the country people—in this wild district we received nothing but kindness: some of them were naturally more interested in our sport than others, but all were invariably civil and obliging. Whatever they could do to help us they did, and always pleasantly; and some of our few neighbours—the owners of the far-stretching estates around—were very courteous. I had the privilege of shooting over very many thousand acres of their land marching with my own, though I was seldom able to avail myself of it. But one thing the sportsman going to Donegal—at any rate *my* part of Donegal—must remember: there is absolutely *no* 'open' country to shoot over here as there is in Clare or Kerry.

GILFRID HARTLEY.

## EN AVANT LES ENFANTS PERDUS !

Quand un gendarme rit dans la gendarmerie,  
Tous les gendarmes rient dans la gendarmerie.

THIS is a story of the good old happy days in the Shiny East, when Abereigh MacKay wrote of his friends the Cee-Ai-Ees, and planters plotted to deport Viceroy's whose politics suited them not; when leave *was* leave, and hill captains were hill captains, and delightful grass widows went to the hills to meet those same delightful captains, and banjos and *bonhomie* led to preferment, and General Staffs had not set their hoof on the land; when poor old general-duty-wallah colonels brought up families of larky daughters in roomy hill forts, and Lachman Hulwai sold sweets and purveyed news to passers-by in the Khyber Pass, and troubled not his head concerning his putative grandfather, the Irish peer.

In those good days there was once a general so famous that people wrote verses about him and grass widows and heliographs tempestuously at play. In addition to which he was a very notable soldier and a fighting man too, which is rather different, and had been among the first into the Sekunder Bagh as a young man, and at the head of his brigade on the Peiwar as an old one. An outspoken man too, who, as a Staff officer, told his general what he thought, and that 'Admiral Byng had been shot for less,' and the like. He also possessed a power of picturesque blasphemy which endeared him to the rank and file and the young officer. It is to be conceived, therefore, that he might furnish suitable material for a *conte drolatique*.

But every story must have its setting, and this one must be set in the outer hills of the great Himalaya, the home of the eternal snows, to the fringe of which the British hitch their summer stations. The Himalaya is apt to get into a man's blood, so that he will tramp them to the end of his days, and lay his bones by rock and pine and mountain ash. To the hills, as is well known, the great *sirkar* and all the lesser *sirkars* betake themselves for many reasons, but primarily because you cannot rule an empire from the kitchen, and men's

minds work clearer in 70° Fahrenheit than 120°. But however pleasant may be Ephesus or Capua to the real traveller, there is no variety like the come and go of the Himalayan road from the grand trunk in the plains to the foot of the eternal snow. Many and various are the ways to the hills, wide trunk roads to the foot, and a winding carriage road to the top, or nothing but a bridle-path and sedan-chair gradient; and some times in this twentieth century a circling narrow-gauge rock-railway, which latter is a wilful throwing away of the delights of the road.

In the early summer are to be seen young regiments, mountain batteries, ladies, children, nurses, struggling out of the sweltering trains, chaffering for conveyances, struggling with bullock trains, in the rush from stifling heat for the right to breathe. With the *sahib logue* go the entourage of the English—traders, merchant pedlars, tailors, tramps, and beggars—and, heedless of them all, the pilgrim making for some shrine away under the snows. Out of the clatter and heat of the station you drive through miles of ripening corn, amid clouds of white dust to the thin haze that gradually shapes into mountains as the tonga ponies eat the road. A long line of hooded bullock carts contains the wives and children of a regiment moving to the hills. A few miles on the regiment itself is nearing its camp, with the sound of drums and fifes or pipes lilting high above the acrid dust. You pass a small travellers' rest-house, with a solitary grave by its side to tell how someone dropped by the way; and the cemetery by the military camping-ground tells of a cholera outbreak, the chastisement of the 'grim step-mother of our kind.' But happily cholera no longer haunts the British soldier and drives him to tramp the country-side in the midst of summer to get away from the pestilence. But if it is not one terror it is another, and the cry is: To the hills! So, past rest-house and cemetery and ripening crops, past river bed and oleanders, past scrub and cheer pine, to blue pine and deodar, tramps the regiment, jolts the bullock train, and rattles the tonga; and the air gets fresher and the light cool breezes play, and the tired soldiers' babies revive.

The agent at the turnpike bar, the aged Mohammedan servant who has set up in life as a purveyor of poor tea, the beggar who rattles his gourd under the loquat trees in the old Mogul garden, the blind boy with the zither, who plays 'Tommy, make room for your uncle' or 'Cocky North,' or what-

ever he fancies is the latest thing, are all old friends that you meet on the way to the hills. As the first sail top on the Sussex coast, or the first Martello tower and curling sea horse, or the man cut in the chalk downs, are signs on the way of the return to the sea, so are the landmarks on a road to the hills.

So, as your tonga changes pony for the last time at the brewery to a smell of hops, and you enter the rhododendron forest that means the last lap, and you pass the convent and the orphanage, and oaks and chestnuts prove that the East is left miles below, you feel that you have once again earned the right to drink good Bass for dinner and to sleep in the cool till tea time.

So much for the wanderer's journey to the hills in the summer; now for the hills and the story of the famous general, and how the story became a story at all. It does not much matter which of the hill stations the story is about: all of them, while distinctive enough in their way, have much in common. There are little cottages and villas scattered about among the forest, up hill and down hill; there are Government offices; there are military offices; there are shops of all kinds, from the attractive window of a London street to the native shop with lattice-alcoved verandah that has stepped out of Delhi. On the best spur the convent; on as good a one the club; down a side path the Masonic temple veiled in allegory and symbol, with no man knows what high jinks inside. Close to them all, perhaps, is the old cemetery, containing little glimpses of the history of the British in India on its decaying stones, and down on a lower spur the new one. Mrs. Lollipop in a dandy or rickshaw hurrying off to pay calls, or discuss an ice with her best hill captain—a pillar of the State—and his daughter riding down the circular way, sing ho, sing hey, for Arcady. And then away over the valleys to the East, the eternal snow, that is close on a hundred miles away, and yet looks as if you could throw a stone on to it, each peak higher and more dazzling than the other, and the great trade road to Tibet winding its way towards them, with the pilgrim searching peace and ever looking forward—*θάρσει, ἐγείρει, φώνει σε*.

But besides the ordinary officer on leave, or official at his task, and those that sojourn with them, is an important class that is a portion of that domiciled community whose existence

so inextricably binds us to India. That domiciled community, which ranges from the pure-bred country-born Englishman that has only lacked English air and English beef in his development to the man with the minutest share of white blood in his veins, whose future and fate is so peculiarly ours to care for. In all the Himalaya are colonies of the domiciled community. Retired warrant officers, with commissioned rank at the end of their service; retired clerks from Government offices, owning houses, dairies and fruit farms; children of earlier settlers carrying on their fathers' business; imported tradespeople from England—all combine to swell the non-official population. The older businesses, it is interesting to note, were often founded by soldiers and non-commissioned officers of the old Bengal Artillery, whose initiative has followed them from the field to the desk. Old officers placed on the Company's invalid establishment for ill health when young were to be met here and there till a few years ago; indeed, may still answer to their name in this world, perhaps. Then, too, may be found some children of those sent in days gone by to carve a new name in the East—children, perhaps, of one who 'lost her place in heaven for the glamour of a sword,' with the bar-sinister across their name for ever. Some, too, whose mothers 'minded goats upon a hill, sing hey, sing ho, a grassy hill,' for there are attractive women born in the shepherds' huts in the Himalayan glaxis, and there is as much romance in the inner history of the community of a hill station as any lover of fiction could ask to read of.

It was to a station such as this, therefore, that the general of our story wended his way one early summer many a year ago to command his division in peace and the cool. Now among the many results of 1857 has been the fashioning of volunteer corps from the civilian and domiciled community, so that the hand may keep the head next time it pleases the cauldron to boil. With a miscellaneous white and Christian community such as has been described it was but natural that the hill station in question, which was a large one, should have a volunteer corps. A volunteer corps, too, of a creditable size, with two cadet companies attached, not to mention a machine gun. During the summer the corps would put in its more extended training, and it was the general's custom to arrange once each summer a combined field day for the volunteers in the hills and the Gurkha battalions and the mountain

battery that lay at the foot of them. This would be a very popular occasion. All the shops and offices would close down and release all the white employés, and everyone who could would get into khaki clothing and shoulder his Martini and tie to the rendezvous in front of the church. The civil surgeon, who was medical officer, would join the other two messengers of comfort, the chaplain to the corps in the Anglican interest and the Belgian priest for that of Rome, to stand cheek by jowl in the supernumerary rank. The original sergeant-major of the corps, who had helped blow up the magazine at Delhi or some other tragic event, would be carried to see the parade in a dandy, his large wife, the quondam army schoolmistress, with him. It was this very lady who once said to the very imposing lady of a small but very famous commander-in-chief: 'It was my good man, your ladyship, who taught your good man his drill.'

After the heat of the battle it was the wont of the volunteer corps to entertain its lady friends at a picnic lunch under the pines and the decidars, while the general had an equally select party under his pet chestnut. So, as may be imagined, the volunteer field day was much looked forward to, and the ladies of the station would turn out in their prettiest blouses and brightest parasols. It was Francis Bacon who said: 'I know not how it is, but the soldier's heart turns to wine as it turns to love, probably because perils demand to be paid in pleasures,' or words to that effect. At any rate, all the ladies were there, and as it was best that the battle should take place where they could see, it was the usual thing for the regulars from below to advance in due and ancient form up the sides of the cart road and deploy below the mall, and through the school grounds and the orchards. Then from the stone parapets of the mall and the last curve of the tonga road the defenders would pour volley after volley on the heads of the advancing foe from the plains, till the beautiful hillside reeked of villainous saltpetre, and all the world applauded.

On this occasion all had been arranged as usual. The defenders had been skilfully posted. Men with flags wagged them busily from various points, for all the world as if sending messages. The general and his staff were there with the necessary quota of umpires; the stage was ready and half the performers. But the other half tarried. Along the mall behind



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the soldiers parasols moved and dresses fluttered, and conversation hummed; but what was pleasant enough at first soon became monotonous. The general had twice gone round the volunteer positions and had said all that could suitably be said about them. Ladies were already asking silly questions. The staff saw danger signals in the colour of his shaven gill. Everybody felt rejoiced that he was not in command of the missing enemy. The commander of the volunteers, a distinguished and determined member of society in his more accustomed rôle, felt it absurd that the rather dreaded contest of wits should be postponed. Ten o'clock, ten-thirty, eleven, eleven-thirty, still no sign; all the fizz was out of the soda, all the fun out of the play, and worse—General Bangs himself made a fool of, and that before all the admiring fair. The morning breeze had dropped, and only now and again a dust devil pirouetted along the mall; past high twelve, and where in the name of everything evil were those infernal Chinese and their thrice infernal colonel? Suddenly from a mountain top overhanging the station, twelve hundred feet above and three thousand yards away, burst a fleecy puff of smoke, and then down the breeze rolled the cannons' opening roar, followed by another and another. A moment or two later two panting Gurkhas arrived, one with a handkerchief round his rifle, and they bore a written message addressed 'To the officer commanding the garrison of —,' and this is how it ran: '*I occupy the Dunga heights commanding the town with six mountain guns and two battalions. I summon the town to surrender.*'

What had happened was this. The commander of the garrison in the cantonment at the foot of the hills, whom we will call Colonel Mountain, for obvious reasons, had felt in a lighter vein. The battue on the mall was *vieux jeu* to him, and he and his soldiery pined for something new. Instead of tramping through the dust of the turnpike road, and past the tantalising odours of the brewery, he had made a long detour and an early start. Intending to emerge through the forest on to the heights above the town soon after ten, he had arrived there after a difficult climb two hours later than he had reckoned on. The men were tired, and the mountain gunner wanted to rest his mules and off-saddle, and, as another commander-in-chief had said, 'Gooners and Goorrkhas, they're divils' as regards resting tired men and mules. So it was hoped that a summons to surrender might clinch matters.

But the general had no intention of balking the volunteers and the ladies of an affray. A staff officer was called. 'Get into communication with Colonel Mountain on the helio.' In a few minutes the heliograph was 'tempestuously at play.' Send the following message: '*From General Bangs. The garrison of this town has been unexpectedly reinforced by four battalions of infantry and two mountain batteries, who are at once moving to attack you. Please say what you propose to do.*' 'That'll make them sit up,' quoth the general, and the audience tittered. In a few minutes once again flickered dot and dash from the mountain top. 'From officer commanding on Dunga heights.' Colonel Mountain was an old soldier, not in the Pickwickian sense of 'old soldier, old blackguard; young soldier, young blackguard,' but versed in the ways of the world and knowledge of how to take it, and imbued with the idea that enough was as good as a feast. He had been up since 2 A.M., and had climbed the best part of sixteen miles on his flat feet, as a subaltern put it. At any rate, there was not enough stimulus to make it desirable to start a battle against a few volunteers backed by four thousand phantoms. So this is how his answering message ran: '*The archangel Gabriel and ten thousand of the heavenly host have unexpectedly come to my assistance. I remain where I am.*'

An awful silence fell on those around the general, while 'redder, ever redder, grew the general's shaven gill.' Words failed even that distinguished officer himself, till suddenly someone could stand the strain no longer, and tittered out loud. A roar of laughter greeted the timely explosion. The latent bump of humour rose within the general, who growled 'Cease fire,' and 'Come and get some lunch.'

Then, as the defenders and the fair were finishing lunch, the enemy battalions came tramping down to their rest and halting-ground. First the skirl of the pipes through the pine forest, and then the shrill wail of the fife, playing in some irony a derisive quickstep. As the jinketty gun mules filed past to the open space below Strawberry Bank for an outspan, and the long line of Kilmarnock caps bobbed down the road, the softened general sent an invitation for 'that d——d Chinese colonel to come and have lunch,' which he did, surprised to find the atmosphere serene. But then 'Paris speaks not with Menelaus when Helen sits at his feet.'

G. F. MACMUNN.

*MEDICINE IN FICTION.*

BY S. SQUIRE SPRIGGE, M.D.

THAT all subjects are the artist's province has been proclaimed over and over again, but there are some provinces which, not unlike Ireland, may belong to owners who cannot rule them. Medicine is such in the novelist's hand. Allowed to run its own extravagant course, the medical episode is thoroughly helpful to the story-teller; coerce that episode in the most reasonable manner, ask it to conform in its salient features to true pathology, and often it becomes of less use to the narrative. This is the reason why so much fun has been expended over the medicine of fiction, and it is also the reason why some of this fun has been cheap. Critical persons have taken it for granted that whatever is undisciplined is wrong—a harsh and stupid doctrine to apply to feats of imagination. The proper attitude of critical persons in respect of the treatment of medicine in fiction seems to me to be fairly well defined. Where the author has in any way insisted on the accuracy of his science—where he writes as one having authority, and calls all men to witness, either in so many words or by his general assumptions, that he is a learned and sound expositor,—it is certainly fair that he should be reproached for any lapses from the truth; but where the author has introduced a medical episode for the mere sake of helping his story along, it is not necessarily sound criticism to blame him for faultiness of detail. Imagine calling Balzac to order because the murder of Maulincour by the terrible Ferragus is not to be explained by text-books on toxicology. The author may be true to the scheme of his story even while he is untrue to the teaching of the medical text-books. This is how it comes about that some of our very best novels contain bad medicine, while some of the silliest contain good medicine. Whether the author of the former is to be praised as an artistic writer, or the author of the latter is to be credited with valuable accuracy, depends upon the rules of criticism adopted; and these ought to be applied with appreciation of what the aim of the author has been. If the author has plumed himself upon the preciseness of his medical knowledge, he should be judged by the correctness of his display; if he has made the action

of his story depend upon a chain of medical circumstances in such a way that unless the chain holds the story collapses, he invites us to test that chain link by link. But such a use of medicine in fiction is rare; as a rule it is no great contradiction of the author's pretences if a mistake in therapeutic or pathological detail occurs. And it makes small difference to the position of medicine in the public eye that signs rightly attributable to one poison are transferred by a novelist to another, that the symptoms of a tropical disease are burlesqued or the terrors of a fever magnified. The reader knows that the therapeutics in such matters will be in real life under the conduct of those who know, and his feelings towards the medical profession are not altered one way or another by details in respect of which accuracy can never be his practical concern. But when medicine enters in a large manner into a story, when the relations of the medical profession to the public are presumably expounded in a book, it is very important, both to the medical profession and to the public, that the author should be accurate. And he generally is nothing of the kind. The novelist never seems to have the slightest knowledge of the professional medical life. He is ready enough to credit the members of the medical profession with many shining virtues and equally ready to darken their reputation with calumny, the unfortunate result being to leave upon the public mind the impression that the average medical man is not an average member of society. The idea which the public might well derive from reading many novels is that to call in a doctor is an extraordinarily fluky proceeding, as the medical profession is divided sharply into heroes and knaves. The heroes lead a strenuous life, succouring the sick in desperate circumstances and refusing fees; operating at the briefest notice when a hair's breadth to the right or left in the making of an incision would be certain death to the patient. The knaves murder, cozen, and keep bogus sanatoriums. They vivisect for pleasure, their humanity is dead within their breasts, and they pass existences that are a standing reproach to the law of the land. Now undoubtedly either sort of description of the medical life, whether the roseate glow of eulogy or the green cast of detraction is employed, does no good to anyone. As far as the public is concerned it cannot be useful that they should have doubts whether their doctor is a saint or a sinner, a knave or a hero. Medical men, for their part, may smile at errors in the medical details of novels, but they are uneasy under indiscriminate

laudation of the nobility of their careers, and grow positively restive at some of the allegations concerning their criminal habits.

The time has surely arrived when we may expect that the novelist who aims at recording contemporary manners will take the trouble to ascertain what are the professional standards in medicine, what is the usual course of the successful man, and what the machinery, legal and ethical, which confines the medical career within certain bounds. The part which his hospital work plays in the life of the consultant physician and surgeon certainly varies, but it varies only within limits, and those could be readily ascertained by the novelist, who too frequently seems to confuse the honorary staff of the charity with the resident officers of the same institution. There are general hospitals which may have medical schools attached to them, and special hospitals which, not possessing the range of material necessary for use in clinical training, only play an ancillary rôle in medical education. These points ought to be remembered, even though the picture of the great specialist in brain disease, passing from bed to bed in his world-famous ward, surrounded by a crowd of enthusiastic students, to whom he discourses with elegant brutality, has to be suppressed. *Intelligent internes*, again, do not reverse the treatment of their superiors, and, by saving life with brilliant unorthodoxy, succeed at once to lucrative practices in Harley Street; no great consulting position was ever won in this way. Nurses in hospitals have to do as they are told; the devoted young woman who remains by a sufferer's pillow hour after hour and day after day till she wins a hand-to-hand fight with fate and secures by her importunity the life of her patient—she is a *figment*; for in the hospitals all nurses go to their meals and their beds at stated times. Heaven knows, the work of both house-surgeons and hospital nurses is hard enough: the time allotted for their meals is scant, the hours of their labour are long, and much of the routine of their work is hard—physically as well as mentally hard. They do not deserve ridicule, and it makes them ridiculous to describe their share in the organisation of a hospital so untruthfully as has been done; while the misstatements give the public a totally wrong view of institutions which, with extreme difficulty, derive their support from the public purse. The callousness of hospital nurses has more than once formed the subject of newspaper comment, and the views of the critics of hospital dispensation have been. I make



no doubt, largely derived from the impressions of patients who, fooled by fiction, have thought that a broken leg or a scalp-wound would entitle the sufferer to the exclusive possession night and day of a soft-voiced ministering angel, and who have resented their particular angel going to her tea.

If the harm that may be done by the burlesque descriptions of hospital life which have appeared in various popular novels is more easily realised, I am not sure that it is greater than the harm done by the perpetual suggestion that the venal or criminal doctor is easy to find. Mr. Morris Finsbury, the seal collector, who, as set out in Stevenson's best manner, took deep thought on this point, came to an opposite conclusion; yet there makes a regular appearance in fiction the doctor who is ready at a price to violate every article of the Decalogue separately or in permutation and combination. Why is this? It is because a large number of the public, who are sufficiently well educated to perceive in some sense the qualities good and bad in the sensational novel, are still in ignorance as to the aims of medicine, scientific and sociological. They still believe, when the novelist bids them, that a medical student is necessarily an expert toxicologist; that to immure the sane subject in a lunatic asylum is a safe and simple proceeding; that nurses are often the mistresses of doctors; that in many diseases the withholding of a dose or an injection will inevitably cause death (these latter two notions pave the way to frequent situations); and that familiarity with sorrow produces greed and callousness. It is suggested, here and now, to novelists that these things are all untrue; that the very occasional episodes on which statements of the sort are grounded do not warrant the general conclusions; that the time has come when they should not be said; and, further, that it will be good business—if a vulgar appeal to profits may be pardoned—to forego certain easy effects that can be obtained by misrepresenting medicine. Scott, George Eliot, and Stevenson spoke nobly on the side of the medical profession; I believe that modern novelists who follow them here will not go unrewarded. Good novelists do not wish always to write for the ignorant, and the ignorant are, or soon will be, the only persons to be thrilled by patent falsehoods. In them the slanders confirm wrong impressions and so do harm.

However, a much more usual employment of medicine in fiction is as an event in the narrative—a surgical event where an



episode occurs, like an accident or a murder; a medical event where a disease is introduced so as to form part of the drawing of some character whose attitude towards life is swayed thereby. For one book which alludes to the profession of medicine as a profession there are twenty in which such events are brought on to the scene not to illustrate the habits of doctors, but to fulfil the exigencies of the plot. To cavil at mistakes in surgery is often unfair, as they are usually mistakes in an episode not necessarily affecting the story as a whole; but we may have to ask from the author, if his book is to be credible and symmetrical, that his 'internal medicine' should be accurate, for the behaviour of his sick characters ought to be in accordance with their diseases. I am making, therefore, no comments upon the surgery of the novelist, because in the instances that occur to me most readily, inaccuracy does not much matter—it does no public harm, does not spoil the tale, and should not be made the subject of serious discussion. Even when a well-known writer, as happened recently, mixed up in his surgical allusions an organ of reproduction with one of excretion, he did not make his story less probable, though, incidentally, few things could have done this. But the use of medicine in fiction may call for more serious consideration.

In medicine proper, most of the diseases whose name is not too difficult to spell or too cacophonous to pronounce, whose associations are not too revolting, and whose details are in the least familiar or are capable of explanation, have been used by storytellers of different grades. It is obvious that no attempt can be made here to review such a mass of material, and I propose only to illustrate the uses of medicine in fiction by calling to mind the way in which certain common diseases have been employed in the course of their art by acknowledged great writers.

A general disease much used by novelists is malaria. Sometimes malaria removes an individual, and in that case the accuracy with which symptoms are rendered is not of prime concern; sometimes we are told how the disease falls upon populations, and here it is of importance that the medical picture should be correct. Several writers of fiction have dealt with malaria under different names. Guiltless of any knowledge of the part played by the mosquito in the spread of the disease, they have none the less been able to show with accuracy the probable environment of a malarious population, and the effects upon physique and *morale* of what the Anglo-Indian until recently called 'a touch of fever.'

The episode of the Valley of Eden in 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' drawn with exuberant picturesqueness and biting humour as it is, is on the whole an accurate description of a malarious community. There never has been any place quite as Dickens portrayed the Valley of Eden; he has used the same almost unbounded exaggeration in bringing this gruesome strand before us that he employed in drawing elaborate personages—for no one was ever quite so infernally impish as Quilp, so gorgeously benevolent as the Cheeryble Brothers, so fatuous as Mr. Dombey, or such a beast as Uriah Heep. But these personages are sublimated types, and are accepted as such; and in the same way Eden may be accepted as a sublimated type of a malarious settlement and so pass as accurate enough. The malaria which attacked the inhabitants of this valley was of a continuous form, but when they got rid of it they remained in the same place some three months more without experiencing a recurrence, nor do we learn of any later manifestation of symptoms on arrival in England. It is easy enough to criticise the Eden episode in detail, but in general spirit it is a masterly piece of writing, accurate enough, and displaying in a vivid manner the hopelessness which falls upon a people that abides and strives to live under the shadow of death. The effect of his illness upon Martin plays a definite part in the alteration of his character, which is very useful for the story, but medical experience does not support the view that illness often leaves a chastening effect upon man; seldom indeed is it that anyone is rendered less selfish thereby. Contrast with this the use of malaria in two popular novels, where the disease is employed to remove the heroines—and merely to remove them. I refer to Mr. Henry James's 'Daisy Miller' and Marion Crawford's 'Mr. Isaacs.' Daisy Miller was a doomed character from the start. It was impossible not to feel that this gay and clever young rebel would become an admirably picturesque and pathetic person if she died quickly and neatly, and Mr. Henry James, most learned of all novelists in seeing when such effects will be obtained, kills her in the space of a week of 'Roman fever.' Her attack was without intermission, apparently without complications, but with delirium from the beginning. Now this is not a very convincing clinical picture. Katharine Westonhaugh, the heroine of 'Mr. Isaacs,' died of Indian 'jungle fever' in much the same space of time—that is, in a week or ten days. She speaks clearly and easily from first to last, but has no recognisable sort of fever. It is my

belief that Marion Crawford intended to kill her by an accident in the hunt which preceded her illness, but, seeing how very dignified a figure she had cut throughout the book, he felt that mauling by a tiger was an untidy way of disposing of her. There is a form of malaria, designated by the French *accès pernicieux*, which may end either in delirium and coma, or in collapse, running its fatal course in a few days. These cases occur in Africa, not India, for the most part; but I find such criticism laboured. In all three cases malaria is well handled; in the first it appears as an epidemic under a picturesque guise, in the others as a piece of narrative machinery.

Cholera and plague both put in appearances in novels, an excellent though flamboyant account of the progress of the former disease being contained in Charles Kingsley's 'Two Years Ago.' The terrific mortality and unrelenting march of an epidemic of plague has made this disease a favourite one with writers of romance from Homer and Sophocles, through Boccaccio, down to to-day. Everybody will remember the picturesque and effective account of the Great Plague of London in Harrison Ainsworth's 'Old St. Paul's.' Ainsworth was a conscientious writer, and clearly had consulted the authorities before writing his description. In the preface to the first edition of his work he says that he has followed closely a rare narrative, which he attributed to Defoe, entitled 'Preparations against the Plague both of Soul and Body.' I have never seen the book, but all the historical background to 'Old St. Paul's' can be found in Defoe's 'Diary of the Plague.' The maniacal behaviour of Solomon Eagle, the murderous inclinations of some of the plague-nurses, the roaring trade done by quacks, the blasphemous orgies of the half-terrified, half-defiant loose-livers—all this, which is so effective in Ainsworth's romance, finds a place in the 'Diary,' and, moreover, is all historically sound. Defoe's consummate and particular literary skill led him to tell the story of the plague as though he had been an eye-witness, when in truth he was only six years old in the terrible year of its occurrence. But his chronicle is essentially accurate, for he had access to genuine diaries of the time, to Dr. Hodges's 'Loimologia,' to Vincent's 'God's Terrible Voice in the City,' and notably to the 'Collection of the Bills of Mortality for 1665'; while seniors in his family or among his acquaintances would have certainly narrated their personal experiences before him. The famous 'Diary' has notable exaggerations, and not

being written until Defoe was sixty years of age, he could not refer doubtful passages to those who had given him personal information; but the story of the epidemic is on the whole trustworthy, and Ainsworth, by tracking Defoe so closely, achieved a well-deserved success. The account of one of the epidemics of plague which in the seventeenth century fell on Naples, as given in 'John Inglesant,' is a notable piece of writing. Here we have the appalling state of a plague-stricken city standing out in contrast with the beauty of the South Italian climate and the wonderful colour of the sea and the sky; the dead are lying in the streets, which are still decorated for some popular festival; business is at a stand, for the houses are full of infection, but a terrible restlessness drives every lazy Neapolitan here and there. This restlessness has often been observed in epidemics, and nowhere, perhaps, would it be more obvious than among an unstable superstitious people like that of Southern Italy. In London during the Great Plague this restlessness was counteracted by the drastic orders confining the inhabitants of a plague-stricken house to that house—orders which terribly added to the horror and destructiveness of the disease. Another novelist who has used an epidemic of plague with striking success is that singular writer, Charles Brockden Brown, who never could have been very readable, and who has now, I think, fallen into complete oblivion. But there is much in Brown that is fine. He had a great eye for a situation, a thorough and wholesome interest in psychological problems, and a powerful as well as a cultivated pen. In many ways he deserves better of posterity than the scant reference which he obtains in such phrases as 'the successful copyist of Godwin' or 'the father of the American novel.' Brown was born in Philadelphia in 1771, and was twenty-two years old when the plague fell upon that city. He had therefore been an eye-witness of the scenes which he describes in his best-known novel, 'Arthur Mervyn,' and there are two or three chapters in this book which bring home to the imagination of the dullest what a plague-smitten community really suffers. Plague has been well treated by novelists.

Among regional diseases it is natural that little use should be made of disorders of the stomach, liver, kidney, and spleen. Their manifestations would not make polite reading, so the novelist seldom hits below the belt. Many dyspeptics cross the novelist's stage, but the victims of indigestion are nearly always subsidiary characters furnishing food for ridicule. But heart-

disease and lung-disease are both frequently employed. The heart-disease of fiction is a polite sort of disease, and has few or no premonitory symptoms; it is found out suddenly by the doctor, who issues the warning that at any moment the victim may fall down dead; and sure enough, at the right moment, down he or she falls. Such patients have no dropsies or unpleasant complications, though they may suffer from anginous spasms. It is a purely novel-writer's disease, and is preluded almost invariably with that visit to the doctor to receive the unexpected verdict which has been described over and over again in novels, but which for obvious reasons happens but rarely in real life. One novel, however, occurs to my mind in which a definite description of cardiac disease is given accurately—'Une Vie,' by Guy de Maupassant. Here, it may be remembered, the unlucky heroine's mother, the Baroness Adélaïde les Perthuis des Vauds, has a heart-disease to which she alludes frequently as 'mon hypertrophie,' and the symptoms of hypertrophy with subsequent dilatation of the heart are given perfectly. The baroness is a heavy and short-winded woman, who slept stertorously, walked with difficulty, and sat down every few paces during her self-imposed tasks of exercise. We learn when the book opens that she has suffered from cardiac symptoms for some ten years, so that it is perfectly right that the failure of the heart to do its work should have begun. And with the physical decay has also arrived the inevitable moral feebleness of a starved brain. Forced to lead the life of a half-suffocated cabbage, the unfortunate woman spends her time weeping over sentimental romances and re-reading the letters which later reveal her to her daughter as the possessor of a poor past. On the occasion of her daughter's wedding she deposes to her husband the delicate task of breaking to their child the meaning of the responsibilities of marriage, with the result that the young couple make a horrible start in their joint life. The next year sees the end of her resistance to her disease; compensation fails, she becomes dropsical, is unable to walk unsupported, is troubled with dyspnoea, ages in six months more than she had done in the preceding ten years; falls into unconsciousness, and dies. This is a vivid pathological picture.

Phthisis has been frequently used to account for the disappearance from the scene of young women in an agreeable and sometimes in a very prompt manner. It is in novels always fatal and usually hereditary, and we must remember here that opposite

views are the outcome of completely modern work. In hereditary cases the fatal seeds germinate on exposure to a draught in a ball-room or symptoms supervene upon amatory disappointment—two perfectly correct observations as far as they go. A most carefully drawn description of phthisis is to be found in Mr. Henry James's 'Portrait of a Lady.' Ralph Tuckett would not have died nowadays from his complaint, while twenty years ago he would have died more quickly than his inventor permits him; but the progress of his disease and its influence upon character and physique are carefully set out in a true clinical portrait. Particular attention, however, may be drawn to the description of phthisis in one of Charles Reade's full-blooded novels, 'Foul Play,' part of which is attributed to the late Dion Boucicault. The heroine in this book has the disease, and, considering it irremediable, spares her father the shock of learning what she has discovered for herself. If he knows that she has spitting of blood he will at once know that she is doomed, inasmuch as her mother was a phthisical subject. But circumstances—and circumstances of a truly sensational kind—lead to this young lady being left on a desert island, where she has to sleep in a hastily constructed log shelter and labour all day beneath the sky in accordance with the habits of brave castaways. She puts on weight, increases from strength to strength, and utterly loses her tuberculous infection. This book was written in 1868, and at that time few save George Bodington, the first to advocate the open-air treatment of tuberculosis, would have believed the episode possible. Bodington's book was written in 1840, but his teachings were coldly received, and by 1868 were forgotten. To many medical men, in a book teeming with impossibilities, the episode of Helen Rolleston's recovery may have seemed the least credible; we now see not only its possibility, but its extreme probability.

Among general or systemic diseases a certain amount of play is made with fevers, but the pathognomonic symptoms are rarely given in sufficient detail to enable us to make a diagnosis. I cannot recall any case in what may be called a standard novel where an accurate study of scarlet fever or of typhoid fever occurs, and the zymotics are generally and indifferently used to remove superfluous persons. During the evolution of that magnificent muddle, 'Our Mutual Friend,' Dickens in all probability changed his mind more than once, and when he decided to get rid of the Boffins' adopted orphan he did it with great celerity by fever.



The orphan had spots which came out on his chest. They were very red and large, and he caught them from some other children. So the orphan was driven to the Children's Hospital, where he was nursed in a general ward, and died shortly afterwards, conscious to the last, and bequeathing toys (and infection) to his room-mates, and a kiss to 'the boofer lady.' Fevers seldom receive closer observation than that given to them by the greatest romancer in our language, but Thackeray knew a surer way of treating them, having a different object in view. Dickens was out to create sympathetic interest. It is perfectly easy to say that he was sentimentally inaccurate, but it will be a bad day for human nature when the abounding grace of Mrs. Boffin's charity fails to draw from the reader its tribute of tears, because for the minute the great writer, who was also a great sanitary reformer, forgot that contagious and spotty things, whatever their names, ought not to be nursed in the general wards of hospitals. Thackeray, in describing the epidemic of small-pox which falls so suddenly and with such appalling results upon Castlewood, is not attempting to enlist our sympathies with the sick: he designs only to show us how people behaved in such circumstances in the reign of Queen Anne. The epidemic is brought before us in 'Esmond' in a vivid manner, the baldness of phrase being, of course, studied; especially effective in the simplicity of wording is the description of the panic that was produced in the era before vaccination by this terrible and disfiguring scourge of populations. Neither Parson Tusher nor Lord Castlewood takes any shame to himself for frank terror, while the mortality that ensues in the little community goes far to justify their attitude. The progress of the attacks sustained by Henry Esmond and Lady Castlewood is not reported at any length, but, save for the remarkably brief incubation in the former case, an accurate clinical picture is drawn both of symptoms and sequelæ, while the little touch which tells that the gracious and graceful lady's nose remained swelled and red for a considerable period is truly of Thackeray.

Into the regions of neurology I will not follow the novelist, but a protest is wanted against a certain common way of using insanity to punish ill-doers—if it cannot be dropped because it is stale, will the fact that it is also silly lead to its surcease? We must all be familiar with the sudden overthrow of reason that occurs in ill-behaving characters. The wretches become insane in a moment. This catastrophe generally comes at the end of



the book or play, and mainly to villains whose schemes have miscarried piecemeal; their anxiety increases with their terrific but futile exertions to ward off the approaching Nemesis; then some wholly unexpected disaster meets them, reason totters on its throne, and they fall with a crash, to be picked up insane. Various situations lead to this kind of fit—the diamonds kept by a thief in reserve to secure flight when the worst has come to the worst at that exact juncture prove to be false or to have been stolen by a confederate; the mistress, hitherto the loving accomplice, deserts the failing fortunes of him who has sinned for her; the fatal rectitude of a wife or a son closes unwittingly the last avenue of a swindler's escape. The victims get purple, grasp their collar-studs, burst into horrid laughter, tumble to earth, and are picked up gibbering lunatics, who for many years after may be seen in an asylum going through some pantomime reminiscent of the crowning catastrophe. Who first invented this kind of thing I have no idea; it is founded on no known pathology, but novelists and dramatists believe in the force of its public appeal.

The intentions of a paper whose length will, I know, put a great strain on the good-nature of the Editor of the CORNHILL have been two. First, I wished to suggest by examples from good writers that there are rules by which the medicine of a non-medical writer can be fairly tested. Second, I wished to protest against the ignorance of the medical life displayed by lesser writers.

## BLINDS DOWN :

A CHRONICLE OF CHARMINSTER.<sup>1</sup>

BY HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.

## CHAPTER XII.

## BURIED ALIVE.

THE aunts were unable to dissemble their delight when Rose, after careful inspection, pronounced the Dower House and its garden to be much to her liking. After tea, Jaqueline pointed out a fairy-ring upon the smooth lawn; Rose said gravely: 'Yes, my dear, there are fairies in this garden. I see them. One is winking.' A few minutes later she clapped hands at sight of the Char, exclaiming: 'Oh, what lovely ships!'

'Ships?' repeated Jaqueline, wondering if a mud barge could be so described.

'Yes, ships, lovely ships. Look at their beautiful white sails!'

'To be sure,' said Jaqueline. 'And what are they carrying, my love?'

'Peacocks, parrots, and missionaries.'

'Dear me! what eyes you have! Where are they sailing to?'

'To the pore, blind heathen. They eat the peacocks, and sometimes they eat the missionaries, but they prefer their wives.'

'Bless me,' said Jaqueline, quite flustered, 'why?'

'His Ex.'—she invariably alluded to her father thus—'says that the missionaries taste of tobacco, and the pore blind heathen don't like that.'

Jaqueline, rather glad that Prudence was not listening to this *risqué* conversation, said pleasantly: 'We must have some nice talks, my darling.'

Rose nodded.

'I'll talk to you, my fine dear, whenever you like.'

Crump became her abject slave in five minutes. The child

looked with interest at the ancient handmaiden, and asked gravely: 'Are you an Aunt, too?'

'Yes, Miss, I have three nieces and two nephews.'

'Are the nieces like me?'

'Oh, no, Miss.'

'I 'spect they're pretty and good. I'm naughty and ugly.'

Crump refused to believe this, but Rose insisted.

'Ask his Ex.,' she said with finality. 'He says I'm an ugly little devil, who needs smackin'.'

Crump nearly replied: 'Then he ought to be smacked himself,' but, covered with confusion, she said hastily: 'I'm sure, Miss, you're a sweet little angel to me.'

'Thank you, my dear. How old are you?'

'Mercy on us! Ever so old.'

'Yes, you're older than his Ex. I 'spect you know a lot. I like you fine.'

Unconditional surrender on the part of Crump.

At dinner that night Jaqueline recited incidents of the afternoon, concluding:

'She is highly imaginative, Sister.'

'A sensitive plant, too; we must be very tender with her.'

'Yes, indeed.'

Thus was it understood, without disagreeably explicit words, that the discipline exercised in the case of Rosetta should be modified, and perhaps for the moment suspended, in the case of Rose. Let others explain, if they can, why Rose's quips appealed to the humour of the Aunts, whereas Rosetta's flights of fancy had filled the sisters with misgivings and acerbity.

In the morning Rose attended family prayers, a new experience, and was mightily impressed. She sat beside Jaqueline, but endeavoured to understudy the cook's devotional attitude and expression, joining with fervour in the Lord's Prayer. That night both the ladies ascended to the nursery to assist in the bathing of their niece, but when Prudence said softly: 'And now, my love, will you repeat your prayers to me?' Rose answered decidedly:

'Oh, no, my dear.'

Prudence betrayed distress.

'You would prefer to say them to Aunt Jaqueline?'

'No,' said Rose. 'I am not going to pray in private any longer. I prefer to pray in public, like Cook.'

And for the second time Jaqueline exclaimed: '*Mon Dieu! quel enfant!*'

At the end of a fortnight Rosetta rushed down for a weekend, and saw at a glance that Rose had become mistress of the Dower House. She saw also, with an odd pain at her heart, that the child was plumper and that colour was creeping into her thin cheeks. She asked herself: 'Is this the effect of country air and food, or of unstinted love?' When Jaqueline put the inevitable question: 'May we keep the little darling a little longer?' she replied quickly: 'I notice a wonderful change in her. I dare not take her away from you yet.'

So it was arranged that Rose should remain in Charminster for at least another month.

During this too brief visit the Sisters had an opportunity of noticing the curious relations between mother and daughter, curious, that is to say, for the time about which we are writing. The pair met as equals. Prudence commented upon this:

'You treat her like a sister of your own age.'

'I want her confidence, and I have it. She tells me everything without reserve.'

'But—she criticises you!'

'Her criticism is worth attention. I have taught her to use her eyes. She is my particular pal.'

Prudence winced. 'Pal' indicated a slightly vulgar intimacy.

'She adores you, Rosetta, but——'

'Yes?'

'We are rather distressed at her manner of speaking of her father. He seems, so far as we can judge, to have treated her rather roughly.'

'Add "B" to rough and you have him in one syllable.'

'Oh!'

Rosetta ignored the exclamation. In a different voice, she continued:

'Rodney saw the Prime Minister yesterday. His successor in South Africa has muddled things, undone Rodney's stitches. It is almost certain that he will be asked to go back there, with full powers, which he likes. He didn't have his own way altogether in India. This is between ourselves.'

'My dear!'

'If he should be sent there on a sort of roving commission,

we should have to do an immense amount of travelling, which is so bad for a child.'

'Yes, yes, nothing could be worse.'

Both ladies were quivering with excitement, foreseeing what was coming.

'Would you keep Rose with you for, say, the first year, till we get settled in a home of our own?'

'Nothing could give us more pleasure. It would be a sacred privilege. I think she would be safe with us.'

'Safe—yes; that would reconcile me to much.'

The sadness in her voice brought tears to Jaqueline's eyes. Prudence said nothing, wondering uneasily if it would be discreet to continue a painful subject. Rosetta solved what doubts she may have entertained by adding nervously:

'Rodney has not forgiven her for being a girl.'

'Dear! dear!'

The ladies looked so shocked and distressed that Rosetta laughed.

'For that matter, he has not forgiven me for my part in the disappointing affair. Heaven knows I should have liked half a dozen sons. But—there it is! Having said so much, I may as well add that I am not sorry to separate father and daughter, even if I have to pay the bill. Let us talk of something else.'

Upon the following Monday Rosetta returned to town. When she took leave of the Sisters, Prudence said, with emphasis: 'I hope we shall have the pleasure of entertaining Rodney for a few days?'

Rosetta answered evasively:

'I never make plans for him. You will see me.'

Nothing was said at the time, but the Sisters chewed in silence a bitter cud. After a few days, Prudence murmured tentatively: 'You saw more of dear Rosetta than I did. Perhaps she spoke to you of—of herself?'

'Not a word.'

'Um!'

Jaqueline hesitated, then she blurted out:

'Once, long ago, Mary Mauleverer spoke of Rodney as an immense unknown quantity.'

'I remarked the phrase at the time.'

'I wish we knew more about him. I fear, Sister, that he is a hard man.'

'Rosetta would have despised a soft man.'

'True, you are always just, Sister.'

'The "Iron Hand" has accomplished much for England.'

'I quite agree; but one would like—without displaying impertinent curiosity—to find out what he has accomplished for our sister.'

'He has made her a great lady, for one thing. I am of opinion, my dear Jaqueline, that it hardly becomes us to pry into this matter. For the rest, we must acquiesce humbly in the rulings of Providence, Who chastens those whom He loves best. Speaking for myself, I refuse to look for evil. Rodney has not treated us with quite the consideration that I expected.'

'I care nothing about that. I want to know if he is kind to Rosetta.'

'Without positive knowledge, it is unjust even to hint that he is not.'

'I suppose you are right.'

Rosetta paid other flying visits to Charminster, but she came alone. Before the season had reached its zenith the ladies understood that Rose would not be taken from them during that summer; and already the papers were clamouring for a MAN to be despatched to South Africa. The Sisters read aloud the leaders in *The Times* with gusto. Public approval of Rosetta's husband served to qualify judgment. A great administrator must not be appraised by ordinary rule of thumb. The perusal of Macaulay's essays upon Clive and Warren Hastings fortified this conclusion. Dominating everything was the immeasurable delight and privilege of possessing Rose.

In late September the Brouchs sailed to South Africa, where so many reputations have been made and lost. Both political parties acclaimed the appointment of the right man, possibly the only Englishman alive who could deal with Kruger adequately. Lord Brough, as *The Times* pointed out, did not go to Africa as a Lord High Commissioner, or Lord High Anything Else. He was to visit a troublous country in a private capacity, to report, without fear or favour, upon things as they were. Notwithstanding, a paper with a larger circulation than *The Times* dubbed him *Dictator*. He was spoken of as Caesar, and Mauleverer told everybody that he had been the first so to call him.

By an odd coincidence, within a month of Rosetta's departure

the ladies at the Dower House received a letter from Melchester. Mrs. Lovibond wrote :

'My Septimus has left Australia. He is on his way to Cape Town, having identified himself with some large mining interests. From what he tells us, it would seem that he has had at least a slice of luck. Some shares which he took as security for a bad debt have proved very valuable. He sent his father a cheque for a thousand pounds, which gave us great pleasure, the more because we were able to return it. . . .'

'He may meet Rosetta,' said Jaqueline.

Prudence answered tranquilly :

'It is possible. Rosetta will be glad to see her old friend. Rodney may be able to help him.'

'Apparently he no longer needs help.'

'That's as may be. We must write very warmly to Mrs. Lovibond. Rosetta will find Septimus rather a rough diamond.'

'She may not meet him at all. I rather hope she will not.'

'Do you mean anything by that?'

'Why should I mean anything? Time was when Rosetta showed an odd partiality for rough diamonds. She has changed. Fine stones in a fine setting appeal to her now.'

'That is my opinion also.'

We are not much concerned with the events of the year that followed. Life at the Dower House flowed on as placidly as the river Char, as slowly as the barges upon the surface of that sluggish stream. If the Aunts were conscious of any change, it was assuredly one for the better. They felt and looked younger, although it was remarked that their zeal in district-visiting and in attendance at meetings of the S.P.G. and G.F.S. had perceptibly diminished. They remained in their house and garden, increasingly loath to venture abroad.

'It is so agreeable here,' Jaqueline would murmur; 'our lines are cast in pleasant places.'

They were enjoying that Indian summer which comes to many spinsters, notably those who have learnt to travel along lines not only pleasant in themselves but of least resistance. Charminster spoke of the ladies reverentially, calling the attention of the passing stranger to the mellow tone of the old house, and the soft radiance which seemed to exude from the half vitreous bricks. The tradesmen in the High Street bowed even



more obsequiously than of yore when the Misses Mauleverer 'honoured' them with their 'esteemed patronage.' The ladies had adopted lavender and grey as their only wear in colour. Rose represented an increase of income of 200*l.*, which encouraged, and, indeed, exacted, a nicer taste in personal adornment, because the dear child was so very critical. The conspiracy to 'spare' such fine specimens of delicate porcelain now included the Easters, who had taken the place of the Lovibonds at the Vicarage and also in the hearts of the ladies. Slander never reached the Dower House, gossip but rarely.

Many offerings reached the Dower House from near and far. Mauleverer might send a lordly salmon from Tweed, or a haunch of venison from the Court; oblations even more appreciated, and involving less dislocation of a modest establishment, took the form of early asparagus, or May peas from the garden of a humble neighbour, or a posy of snowdrops or violets.

Sometimes Jaqueline would exclaim in astonishment: 'I don't know why people are so kind to us. Heaven knows we have done little enough for them.'

It would take a wiser person than Jaqueline (or the present scribe) to answer this ingenuous question. In such towns as Charminster, before the scream of the motor-car was heard in the land, the 'quality' exercised, whether passively or actively, an extraordinary and indescribable power of inspiring respect not only for themselves, but for what they represented. The Misses Mauleverer were 'Honourable' in a sense hardly to be understood by the rising generation. Possibly the last flicker of a dying feudal system illuminated not the lords who set the match to it, but the ladies, secluded in their bowers, wringing protesting hands, and endeavouring to quench the flames with unavailing tears.

Let it be noted, in connection with the unhappy event to be recorded, that the Misses Mauleverer were the only real 'quality' in Charminster, respected as such by the most blatant Radicals in Hog Lane. Kipling's line, 'The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under their skin,' was not yet written. Nobody in Charminster dared to maintain that the admirable Crump was a sister under her skin to Prudence Mauleverer. Even Dr. Pogany, who lowered his voice when he spoke to the Sisters, would have said bluffly: 'My wife, a good soul, God bless her! but pottery, work-a-day pottery, my dear Sir. What? Miss

Jaqueline Mauleverer? Finest Sèvres, of the unmistakable soft paste!’

Catastrophe fell out of the blue skies in the middle of September.

Dr. Pogany met the Rev. Thomas Easter in Charminster High Street. Mr. Easter was a tall, thin man, not so particular in matters of dress and deportment as his predecessor. He presented to the eyes of his parishioners a scholar’s stoop, and something of your true scholar’s hesitation, as if he were loath to accept with enthusiasm a particular rendering of an isolated text. Mr. Lovibond, in the pulpit and out of it, was nothing if not cocksure, which endeared him to the weaker brethren. Dr. Pogany, it may be remembered, was condemned by Septimus for not using a microscope. The good fellow, a rough-and-ready practitioner of the old school, preferred to look at tongues rather than microbes.

‘You have heard this appalling news, Easter?’

‘I have not.’

‘Lady Brough has bolted with Septimus Lovibond.’

‘God help her sisters!’

‘Amen,’ said Pogany with feeling. He led the Vicar aside, and added details:

‘Lord Brough is a brute—a capable brute, I grant you, a tamer of wild beasts and all that, and as such an asset to the Empire. I am assured on unimpeachable authority that he drinks in secret. Between ourselves, I guessed as much when I saw him. We have hardly dared to breathe it here. I am sure he is cruel, and there have been stories about that, too. Long ago there was something more than a flirtation between young Lovibond, a gallant lad, and Miss Rosetta. The few held their tongues. As you know he was badly mauled by a tiger. We all thought that he was down and out, not a kick left in him. But it seems that he recovered. And last year he went to South Africa. The rest we can guess.’

‘It is not in the papers.’

‘It will be kept out of the papers. Trust Downing Street for that. My informant is Mrs. Lovibond, the mother.’

The Vicar removed his hat and wiped his forehead. He had the air of a man trying to unravel a doubtful passage in the classics.

'What are we going to do?' asked Pogany. 'Try to hush it up?'

'Can it be hushed up?'

'How can I tell? One may try, that's all. I have told nobody but you. I shall not tell Mrs. Pogany. For the moment, perhaps, it will be wise to mark time. Let us see how *they* take it.'

'They have the child.'

'Mercifully, they have the child.'

'I must think it over,' said the Vicar, as he went on his way.

That afternoon Mrs. Easter said to her husband:

'I have just heard that Lady Brough is dead.'

'Good Heavens! dead?'

'I know nothing but this. The blinds are down upon both sides of the Dower House, and deepest mourning has been already ordered. Crump brought the news here. Lord Brough wrote to say that his wife was dead, but, so far as I can gather, sent no details.'

'Dead!' repeated the Vicar.

'I suppose you ought to go there?'

The Vicar nodded absently. He felt reasonably sure that there had been a mistake. Poor woman, poor unhappy woman! Dead, yes, in almost every sense of the word except the generally accepted one.

He drank a cup of tea and walked to the Dower House. At the front door, Crump said that she thought Miss Mauleverer would like to see him. He was ushered into the darkened drawing-room, and sat down opposite to the portrait of the woman who was dead. Presently, Prudence came in, very pale but composed. She carried a letter in her hand.

'This is all we have,' she said. Her voice broke as she added: 'God knows it is enough.'

The Vicar read the letter.

DEAR PRUDENCE,

It is not possible for me to soften a blow which has fallen as suddenly upon me as it will upon you and Jaqueline. Everything which might be said by a man other than what I am is comprised in three words. *Rosetta is dead.* I ask for no sympathy. It would hurt me to receive it; I can believe that it would hurt you to offer it. *Rosetta is dead.* My work will

engross me; and I shall put the past behind me, as I have always done. I am sending to you the pearl necklace which you gave to your sister, and with it the jewels she received from me. Put them into the bank for the child. Let her remain in your care till I return to England.

Do not answer this.

Yours sincerely,

BROUGH.

The Vicar, of course, grasped the truth at once. To gain time he muttered, as he returned the letter:

'A hard man, I fear.'

'Yes; a hard man, but he makes it easy for us.' As she saw that he did not quite understand, she added, with dignity: 'Lord Brough did not treat my sister and myself with consideration. We should find it difficult to offer him the sympathy he doesn't want. It is cruel not to send details, but my sister and I have never cared much for details. It is enough to know that Rosetta is dead. She, also, was reserved, even to us. It would be her wish, I believe, that we should obey this hard man, as she obeyed him. I shall not answer this letter, and I shall try to make the child understand that God in His goodness has received an unhappy woman into His everlasting Peace.'

The Vicar murmured a few phrases of condolence and fled. To his wife, after full explanations, he said abjectly:

'My courage oozed from me. I couldn't tell her.'

'My dear, I don't blame you. Lord Mauleverer must explain. But what are we to do? Leave cards? Write? Call? Was there ever such an impossible situation?'

The Vicar considered it, with detachment.

'The news of Lady Brough's death is all over the town. Many people will call, but the Sisters will see none of them. When the truth leaks out, they will probably let the Dower House and go abroad for a year. Anyway, from my knowledge of them I feel sure that they will regard their unhappy sister as dead.'

Through the rest of the week Charminster wondered what the Sisters would do, for, of course, the facts became known. The town talked of nothing else. Many persons had left cards believing that Lady Brough was really dead and buried. The question of the hour was: 'Would the ladies leave Charminster

altogether? ' There had been no countermanding of the mourning; that much was certain. The dresses were to be delivered not later than eight o'clock on Saturday night. Was it to be inferred that the Sisters intended to go to church, and brave the gaze of the multitude? Mrs. Pogany confessed tearfully: ' I should not have courage enough for that,' and the Doctor remarked gruffly: ' You were not born a Mauleverer.'

Upon Sunday morning the parish church was inconveniently crowded. Mrs. Easter, marshalling her Sunday-school scholars, addressed them nervously: ' If the ladies from the Dower House should attend Divine Service, I am sure that you will all be polite enough not to stare at them.'

They came!

In deep mourning, with the child walking between them, the ladies walked to the church and into their own pew. Mrs. Pogany wept. She remarked afterwards:

' Miss Mauleverer lifted her veil; I knew then how Maria Antoinette looked when she mounted the scaffold.'

This was said at tea-time, when many friends had ' dropped ' in to discuss a fresh point:—

' Was this public appearance in deep mourning to be taken as a message from the ladies to all Charminster? Knowing by this time, as they must, that Lady Brough was not dead, had they chosen this method of signifying that henceforward she was to be reckoned as dead? '

Upon the Monday morning three papers contained a notice of Lady Brough's death. This was conclusive. The unhappy lady had reaped the wages of sin. She had run away to her death. How, and when, and where remained darkest mystery.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### THE PASSING OF ROSETTA.

UPON the Wednesday, when Prudence Mauleverer received from Lord Brough the letter which caused her to believe that Rosetta was dead, she wrote to the Head of the Family, apprising him of the sad news. The letter was sent to the Court, but, unfortunately Mauleverer and his wife were away. According to instructions, all letters were forwarded to Mauleverer House, where he expected to pass a few hours after a night journey

from Scotland. Unfortunately, also, he was delayed in Scotland, and did not reach London till Monday morning. In the remote lodge in Inverness, where he had been stalking, no news of the elopement had reached him, but at Perth Station on Sunday the story was poured into his horrified ears by an acquaintance.

'I don't believe a word of it,' he had exclaimed.

'Fact, I assure you. The talk of all the clubs. She bolted with a mining fellow called Loveband, or Lovebond, whom nobody has ever seen or heard of.'

Upon arrival at their town house, the Mauleverers lunched upon what could be provided. The establishment was in the country. After luncheon Mauleverer opened his letters.

'My God!' he exclaimed, 'the Sisters believe that poor Rosetta is dead!'

'Impossible,' said Mary.

After she had read the letter, she admitted that it was so. Husband and wife stared at each other, confounded. Then they made another discovery, which filled them with further dismay. The letter had been written upon a Wednesday, and it was now Monday.

'Prudence thought that we were at the Court,' said Mary. 'This complicates matters, unless someone else has already told them the truth. From my knowledge of Charminster that is unlikely. The townspeople would assume, not unnaturally, that such a disagreeable duty was ours, and ours alone.'

'That parson there.'

'A comparative stranger.'

'But—Good Lord!—they will be in mourning! This is awful; the more so because it trenches on the ridiculous. And now we don't know where we are. I was never so upset in my life. London is simply buzzing with the scandal. They must know.'

'Let us hope so.'

None of their children were with them. As they were still staring at each other, a servant came in, and said that Mr. Easter had called earlier in the day, and would call again at three.

'That's the first ray of light,' groaned the Head of the Family.

They went on talking at random, as people do when sensible

that anything is preferable to silence. Before many minutes had elapsed the servant, who happened to be a newcomer, came in again, and said that a lady wished to see Lord Mauleverer.'

'A lady? Surely she gave you her name?'

'No, my lord, she gave me this.'

He presented a sealed note.

'Can you see me for a few minutes on a matter of most urgent importance?'

'ROSETTA.'

'Show the lady in. When Mr. Easter calls, let me know.'

'Very good, my lord.'

'Rosetta is here. Will you go, Mary, or stay?'

'I shall stay.'

Rosetta came in, heavily veiled. She lifted her veil as the door closed behind the servant. Her face was very pale, but she looked well, and perfectly composed. Mary, without a word of greeting, kissed her. Mauleverer held out his hand. He was the first to break the silence.

'My poor dear,' he groaned, 'you've made a sad mess of it, but, dammy, I can't throw stones at you.'

'Nor can I,' said Mary.

'You are kinsmen indeed,' said Rosetta calmly, 'but kind as you both are, you mustn't think that I came here to ask for sympathy, or to grovel. I have self-respect enough to keep out of this house. Have you seen this morning's *Times*?'

'Glanced at it, that's all.'

'My obituary notice is in it.'

'What! This is the last straw.'

'It's in other papers.'

'Prudence must have inserted it.'

'But—why?'

'She believes you to be dead.'

'Septimus and I are in London. We travelled under assumed names by the steamer which brought the news to England. I spent most of the time in my cabin, and nobody guessed who I was. We landed on Tuesday. On Tuesday night Septimus saw his mother, who wrote to Dr. Pogany. I don't know whether she said in so many words that she wished him to tell my sisters, but she reckoned on his doing so. And now they think I'm dead.'



'We are expecting the Vicar of Charminster in a few minutes. He will explain. Perhaps you would rather not meet him.'

'I wish to meet him. It is possible that Rodney inserted that notice. I am dead to him, I know. He was drinking heavily when I ran away.'

The servant opened the door.

'Mr. Easter has called, my lord.'

'We will see Mr. Easter here.'

Mauleverer, of course, had given the Charminster living to Easter, but he hardly knew him. He said heartily: 'You are the one man in England I particularly wished to see. You know Lady Mauleverer, I think. Have you met Lady Brough?'

The parson was staggered, but he bowed gravely to both ladies.

Mauleverer continued in his easy manner:

'Lady Brough, who landed in England last Tuesday, has just read her obituary notice in *The Times*. Is it possible that my cousins at the Dower House believe her to be dead?'

'I believe so.'

'But, bless my soul! don't you *know*?'

'That is why I am here. Charminster knows,' he hesitated, with a side glance at the beautiful woman who stood near him, perfectly calm and dignified, more so indeed than the mistress of the house; 'Charminster knows,' he continued hastily, 'what—'

'Everybody knows,' said Lady Brough.

'Your sisters appeared at church yesterday in deepest mourning. The little girl was with them, in mourning also.'

At this Rosetta winced.

'Heavens on earth!' exclaimed Mauleverer.

'I may be partly to blame. Dr. Pogany had the news direct from Mrs. Lovibond. He told me. We—I—thought it could be hushed up.'

'Hushed up?'

'For the moment only. Our common wish was to consider the ladies. That same afternoon I heard that Lady Brough was dead, and that the blinds were down upon both sides of the house.'

Rosetta smiled faintly.

'I hurried to the Dower House. I saw Miss Mauleverer.'

She showed me a letter from Lord Brough. I happen to have a retentive memory. I can repeat the letter *verbatim*.'

'Please do so,' said Rosetta.

He did so.

'The brute!' exclaimed Mauleverer.

'Are we not wandering from the more important matter?' asked Rosetta.

'Why did you not tell the truth to Miss Mauleverer?' asked Mary.

'That is not easy to answer. Would that I had! But their position amongst us is unique, mediæval in a sense. We have regarded them as laid away in lavender. Always they have been spared.'

'Always,' repeated Rosetta.

'I—well, call me a coward—I couldn't speak then. And afterwards we—my wife and I—thought that you would do it.'

He looked at Mary Mauleverer.

'We have been away. We heard nothing till this morning, nothing at all. My husband and I understand your position. We do not blame you.'

'It is kind of you to say that, but I blame myself.'

Mauleverer interrupted with a groan.

'We mustn't whine over spilt milk. What shall we do now?'

'It is quite possible that the ladies do know. Charminster is split into two camps; one believes Lady Brough to be dead, the other suggests that the wearing of mourning is an intimation to the world that her sisters regard her as dead to them.'

'They will so regard me,' said Rosetta.

'As Christians, Lady Brough, can they so regard you?'

'There are Christians and Christians, Mr. Easter. My sisters would make great sacrifices, if such were needed, to provide for me, but from my knowledge of them I fear that they would decline to see me. They have always refused to look at anything or anybody likely to offend their sensibilities.'

'We're not getting much forrarder,' said Mauleverer.

'I must tell them the truth,' said Mary.

'Wait!' said Rosetta. She paused for an instant; then she spoke quickly, with a feeling and passion hitherto suppressed. 'Is there any reason why I should not remain dead? Even before you, Mr. Easter, I must say frankly that my only regret is that I did not leave Lord Brough sooner. Mr. Lovibond

and I have made our plans. We shall begin life again under an assumed name. The world will not question this,' she tapped *The Times*, 'and I shall let Lord Brough know what has happened. I am dead to him, and I am dead to my sisters, and to nearly all of my friends. To open my sisters' eyes would cause unnecessary pain. It would be a consolation to me to think that they believed me to be dead, and were thinking kindly of me, and speaking of me to my child as a good woman. The truth would taint my poor little Rose, take the bloom from her. I—I jump at this chance.'

'But if they should find out?'

'How can they find out? The world will know that I left my husband, and thanks to this,' she tapped the paper again, 'it will believe that I died immediately afterwards. People may hint at horrors, but nobody will know that I am alive, except the persons in this room, and the Lovibonds.'

'I protest against it,' said Mauleverer.

'I protest also,' echoed the parson.

Mary remained silent.

'I shall do it,' said Rosetta.

'You are not just to your sisters,' said Mary slowly. 'You take for granted that they would refuse to see you, and cast you out of their lives. I think more kindly of them.'

'They are good women,' Rosetta answered. 'And they devoted themselves to me, as they are devoting themselves now to my child, but I shall never forget the story of Hester Prynne.'

'Hester Prynne?' repeated Mauleverer. 'Who's Hester Prynne?'

'Hester Prynne broke the seventh Commandment, with greater excuse for doing so than I. I once asked Prudence if she would speak to Hester Prynne if she, or her like, were walking about Charminster. She said "No," and she meant it. To them,' Rosetta concluded solemnly, 'I am indeed—dead!'

Nobody spoke.

'I might come to life again,' continued Rosetta drearily, 'after Lord Brough's death. He is not likely to live many years. He will not marry again, and he will not divorce me. If the day dawns when I can return to Charminster as Mr. Lovibond's wife, I might wish to do so. Time is kind to sinners,

particularly prosperous sinners. I entreat you to leave my sisters and me in peace.'

Mary answered her, not in words only. She crossed the room, and took Rosetta's hand, holding it tightly between her own.

'Let me see the Sisters,' she said softly. 'If it is as you say, if their hearts are indeed closed to you, then I will be a party to this fraud.'

'But how will you find out?' exclaimed her husband.

'You can trust me for that.'

The parson and Mary travelled down to Charminster together, parting company at the station, some three miles from the town. The railroad had been planned to run through Charminster, but the townspeople were unanimous in burking this scheme. The day came when they bitterly regretted the sentiment which had side-tracked a pretty place not without attractions to tourists. This paragraph in the town's history explains the reactionary side of its inhabitants. Moreover, the Mauleverer family had taken an active part in keeping the railroad at bay, because, as plotted on the first maps, it meandered along the Char and through the pretty garden of the Dower House.

The ladies noticed at once that Mary was not in mourning, a trifling matter, and easily explained, no doubt; still it had been a custom for the ladies of the family not to show themselves abroad after the death of a near relation till they were attired suitably.

'How kind of you to come,' said Prudence.

Mary glanced at each in turn, trying to peer beneath the crust of propriety and deportment. She saw that Jaqueline's eyes were inflamed with much weeping, and that Prudence was slightly tremulous. Before they had uttered a syllable, Mary realised that the Sisters believed Rosetta to be dead.

She admitted afterwards that her impressions were as likely to be wrong as right, but at the time she felt sure that Rosetta's sudden death, grievous shock as it had been, was tempered by the reflection that worse might have happened. Torquemada, with his hideous machinery, might have failed to extort the plain truth from the ladies, but Mary was convinced that each feared instinctively what their world conspired to keep from

them—the disastrous nature of Rosetta's marriage. Realising this, must they not have trembled with anxiety lest a high-strung, impulsive creature, none too strong of will, and ever impatient of restraint, might cut loose from intolerable fetters? The first few words confirmed this impression. Prudence said guardedly: 'Rosetta never looked *quite* herself after her marriage.'

'Did you insert the obituary notices?'

'Yes.'

'Have you written to Lord Brough?'

'No.'

Then the letter was shown. When Mary had read it, Prudence said with agitation:

'We shall obey him. Jaqueline and I would like to have details, but we are too proud to ask for them. To write to a consul or some local authority would provoke gossip. We may take it for granted that everything humanly possible was done. She is dead—and buried. Happily, we have no sentiment about graves. Lord Brough will have attended to that. We are indescribably hurt and distressed, but we cannot write to anybody.'

Jaqueline murmured nervously:

'We have wondered whether Rosetta was entirely happy with this hard man?'

'She was not,' said Mary firmly.

Immediately Jaqueline conveyed the impression of a frightened rabbit about to scurry into the nearest burrow.

Mary continued with emphasis: 'Lord Brough was a brute to her.'

Prudence held up a shaking hand.

'My dear Mary, ought we to go into that now?'

'Will it serve any good end?' faltered Jaqueline.

'I am going into it, deeply, for all our sakes. He was, I repeat, a brute. He bullied her in many ways. He treated the child with a cynical roughness and indifference which must have hurt the mother cruelly. She worshipped that child, and she left her with you because she was frightened out of her wits, terrified that her husband would go on striking her through the child.'

'Rosetta told you this?'

'Not a word; she is a Mauleverer.'

Prudence moistened her dry lips.

'Then what you repeat is hearsay?'

Mary nearly lost her temper. The sight of these two excellent women, side by side on a sofa, with hands meekly crossed upon their laps, with eyes downcast, and half-veiled by heavy lids, shaking with fear, and yet obstinately determined to see nothing except the flowers on the carpet, would have been even more exasperating had it not been so pathetic.

'Hearsay—yes. I had it from one of the *aides-de-camp*, who resigned because he couldn't stand it. He happens to be a cousin of mine, and a dear friend. You have my word for it that he is incapable of spreading a scandal or of exaggerating. I am going to tell you exactly what he told me.'

The sisters shivered.

'It began after the birth of the baby. Rosetta had a hard confinement. She nearly died. Did you know that?'

'No.'

'There were complications which made it probable that she would never have another child. I am not blaming you, but it is unfortunate that she had not been taught what she ought to have known—how to take care of herself, how to make preparation for motherhood, knowledge of vital importance to every woman and to the next generation.'

The ladies blushed. Prudence drew herself up, rigid and speechless with consternation; Jaqueline wriggled. The thought in both their minds was, 'We must be perfectly calm; this woman is half American.' Mary continued:

'For years Lord Brough has drunk to excess. I found that out after the marriage. Would to Heaven I had been given a hint of it before. He appeared singularly temperate, but he had bouts, fits of mad indulgence, carefully hidden from everybody. And the world is so charitable to sinners in high places.' She saw that the Sisters were now white and trembling, so she added in a gentler voice: 'I would spare you this, if I could. I know that you would have broken off the match at the last moment had you suspected for an instant that anything was wrong.'

'How could he do his work?'

'These fits attacked him seldom, but I understand that of late they have increased in frequency and intensity. Brandy will kill him. He was horribly cruel to Rosetta when it became certain that the one thing he wanted, a son, would be denied to

him. I have every reason to believe that he was unfaithful to her.'

Jaqueline began to cry. In a different voice, Mary went on :

'It is a wonder to me that she remained above suspicion.'

'Suspicion?' repeated Prudence.

'Be sure that she was sorely tempted.'

Prudence said, frigidly :

'Really, Mary, this is going too far.'

'I am going, once and for all, to the bitter end. Rosetta was a passionate creature, capable of inspiring and returning a great love. I studied her character with absorbing interest during the two seasons she spent with us. She was capable of making any sacrifice for those she loved. But, essentially, she was weak of will, easily dominated. She came into intimate contact with the best men in India.'

'Surely you do not insinuate that the *best* men would have tempted a young wife from her plain duty to her husband and her sex. You surprise me, Mary.'

'Men are men. As some French writer has said : "We choose our friends, but love imposes itself." If Rosetta had yielded to temptation, if, in a moment of weakness, distracted by misery and loneliness, she had left her brute of a husband with a man more worthy of her, what would you have said?'

Prudence rose with dignity, looking first at the portrait of Rosetta, and then fixing her pale blue eyes upon Mary's face. She stood very erect, as a queen might stand when imposing a sentence beyond appeal. Involuntarily, Mary did homage to certain royal qualities which expressed themselves in her voice, her bearing, and the austere lines of her delicately modelled face. None beholding her could doubt that this was a woman of exquisite refinement, of a purity unassailable, just, according to her lights, unselfish, and capable of unswerving devotion to her ideals and convictions.

'I will answer that question, Mary Mauleverer, although it is irrelevant and unseemly. To me, it is little short of an outrage that you should ask it. And yet, from my knowledge of you, I acquit you of any desire to lacerate our most sacred feelings. Rosetta is dead, but she still lives for us, and she will live again for her child, our dearest possession, without which life would be empty indeed. We made mistakes in our upbringing of Rosetta, but if, in spite of the shocking conditions you have



revealed to us, she was able, under God's mercy, to confront them steadfastly and valiantly, why then our upbringing of her, with its many errors, stands justified before God and Man. Had it been otherwise, had she betrayed our belief in her purity, had she violated the solemn pledges of the marriage sacrament, why then, her voice broke, 'of all women in the world we should be the most desolate and wretched.'

'But,' Mary hardly spoke above a whisper, 'you would have forgiven her?'

'Forgiven her! What do you mean by forgiveness? The word is shamefully abused. Is it for us to forgive such offences? That lies with God alone. You press me hard, Mary; I am at a loss to understand you, but the tears in your eyes plead for you. I cannot answer you, because it is impossible for me to think of our dear Rosetta as—as one of the shameless throng. Were she of them she would become dead to us in a sense I cannot explain—really dead, not a dear part of us, as she is to-day, not a cherished memory to be enshrined for ever, but a strange, unknown woman so far removed from us as to be invisible.'

Mary went to the window.

When she turned the Sisters were standing together, gazing at the sweet face which smiled down so reassuringly upon them.

*(To be continued.)*



## AT THE SIGN OF THE PLOUGH.

WITH this number of the Magazine is given the twelfth of a series of 'Examination Papers' on the works of famous authors, being Sir Frederick Pollock's questions on Shakespeare. For the best set of answers to this Paper the Editor offers a prize of Two Guineas.

The name of the Prizewinner will be announced in the January number of the Magazine, together with the correct answers to the questions.

### PAPER XI.

'The Pilgrim's Progress.'

By ARTHUR C. BENSON.

1. Give the exact distance of Stupidity from Destruction. *Answer* : Four degrees northward.
2. What may a man venture upon an Angel with? *Answer* : A right Jerusalem blade.
3. Who and what was Graceless? *Answer* : Christian's original name. Temporary's native city.
4. Mention four kinds of carriages. *Answer* : Unkind, unnatural, ungodly, churlish.
5. Who was invited for Easter Monday? *Answer* : Mr. Ready-to-Halt.
6. Mention two remedies for fainting. *Answer* : Myrrh. His Word.
7. Where was it impossible to sleep, and why? *Answer* : Beulah. Because of bells and trumpets.
8. What was the relation of Gehazi to Judas? *Answer* : Grandfather.
9. Who backed what animals? *Answer* : Giant Grim : the lions.
10. Mention the names of two footmen. *Answer* : Christian and Hopeful.
11. Give the precise value of a small mite. *Answer* : A gold angel.
12. What could not fall but might be diminished? *Answer* : Christian's family.

The prize has been divided between Mrs. I. G. W. Shelley, The Parsonage, Cradley Heath, Staffs, and Alfred Chapple, Esq., The Manse, Melbourn, Royston, Herts, to each of whom a Cheque for One Guinea has been sent. The competition was very popular, and the runners-up were many, so that where a number were substantially correct, the ultimate decision went by the form of the answer and the nearness to the examiner's choice : *e.g.*, in Question 2 "a Jerusalem blade" is inferior to "a right Jerusalem blade." And in Question 3, answers with Temporary's name take precedence of those without.

## PAPER XII.

## Shakespeare: The Falstaff Cycle.

(King Henry IV., King Henry V., and The Merry Wives of Windsor.)

By SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK, BART.

1. Find an appropriate *motto* for the settlement of a strike.
2. What medical treatment was offered by whom to Falstaff?
3. Who is the most deliberate liar in King Henry IV.?
4. Compare the range of Elizabethan archery and artillery.
5. Give an account of (a) Justice Shallow's dimensions, and (b) his relations with the royal family.
6. State the facts and consequences of Bardolph's earliest and latest thefts.
7. How did Falstaff justify larceny?
8. Give two words as showing Shakespeare's orthodoxy on French prosody.
9. (a) What was Falstaff's hope of salvation and (b) for what did he refuse to risk his soul? (c) Give its true value.
10. Were they real Germans?
11. (a) Where and by whom was the art of swearing least understood? (b) Explain what the Devil swears on.
12. (a) What did Falstaff think of swearing by, and (b) how was the offer received?

---

Competitors must observe the following Rules:

1. Each question must be answered in not more than nine words, except Nos. 7 and 9 (a), for each of which not more than eleven words are allowed.
2. All replies must be sent in on the printed and perforated form supplied with the Magazine. This form should be folded and sealed, and must be in the hands of the Editor not later than the first post on Thursday, December 7, 1911.
3. No correspondence can be undertaken by the Editor, whose decision is final.

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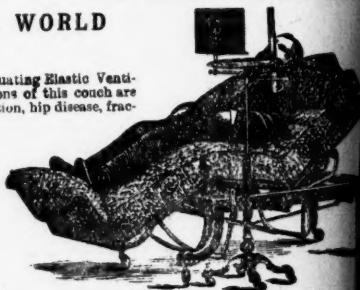
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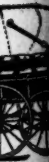


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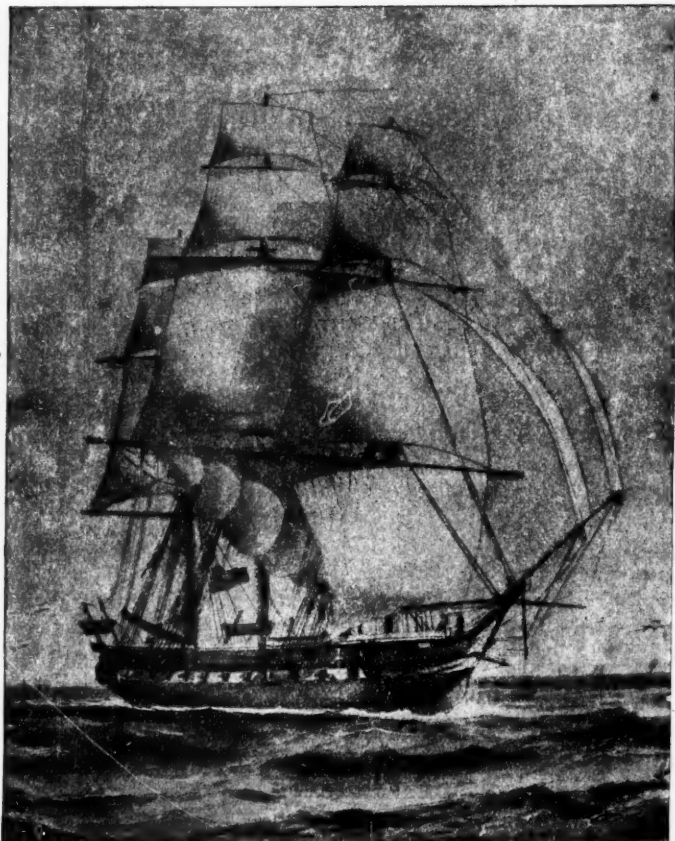


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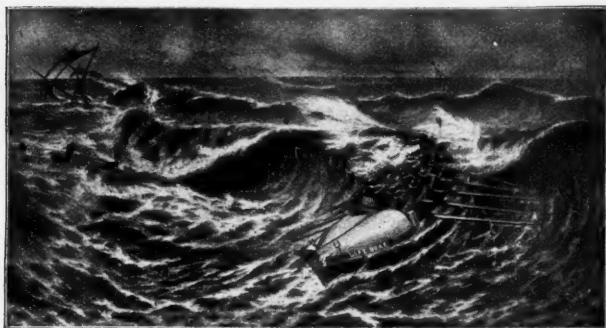
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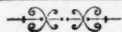
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